IGGEST, BRIGHTEST, BEST.

P.W. PEARSON'S £100 COUPON. No. 19. May 9, 1896. P.W.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 9, 1896. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Best." Health.

Y'S

COA

Gold Medals Diplomas.

DULCEMON TEA

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL INDIAN EXHIBITION 1895.

At 1/6 to 3/- per lb. Of First-Class Grocers Everywhere.

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP.

4D.

CAUSES NO BLOTCHES.

KEEPS THE COMPLEXION CLEAR.

4D.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

TRENCH'S REMEDY.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF. PERMANENT CURE.

What some Independent Witnesses say:

The MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY: "The young woman has had no approach to a fit since she began your medicine, is looking wonderfully bright and rosy, and quite a different girl."

The Hon. Mrs. SOMERSET WARD: "The young girl since finishing your course has had no return whatever of the complaint."

Rev. INGLIS G. MONETON, Coven Vicarage, Wolverhampton: "Your patient has had no attack since he began your medicine."

Rev. TUDOR ROGERS, Seacombe, Liverpool: "The results have been most satisfactory."

The Rev. E. PEACOCK, Vicar of Nether-Exe, Devon: "I have the greatest confidence in your Remedies, as seeing is believing."

Rev. J. BOULTON, Winsford, Cheshire: "I have seen wonderful results."

Write for Consultation Form, Testimonials, &c., &c., to the

Manager, Remedy Depot, 33, Sth. Frederick St., Dublin.

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS

GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE SMOKING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT IN THEIR 1, 2, or 4 oz. DECORATED TINS, *SECURED BY PATENT BAND.*

BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

'The Queen of Toilet Preparations' FOR ALL SEASONS. *IT HAS NO EQUAL* FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT SMOOTH AND WHITE during the Changing weather. Removes and Prevents all REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, IRRITATION, SUNBURN, TAN, &c., ensuring A CLEAR & HEALTHY COMPLEXION. *Beware of Injurious Imitations.* Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either size post free 3d. extra, direct from the Makers, M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare
And beauty draws us by a single hair." – *Pope.*

Yet how many ladies there are who unconsciously retard the growth of their hair by the use of hard "tying-strings," such as tape, elastic, cord, &c., which not only prevent it attaining its natural length and richness, BUT SPLIT AND DESTROY IT, until, as it becomes thinner and more stunted in growth, they find it impossible to arrange the hair in that neat and pleasing manner becoming to every well-dressed lady.

Cannot injure a single hair.

THE RESULT OF USING CORD, &c.

MOORE'S *Patent* HAIR FASTENER

"is indeed a boon and a blessing to women," and an excellent acquisition to the toilet. It is instantly adjustable, invisible when worn, and keeps the hair neatly yet comfortably in its place *without injury.* It is made in various shades, to match the hair, at **6d.** each, and can be obtained of the leading Hair-Dressers, Drapers, &c. If any difficulty, send **7** stamps to **The Patent Hair Fastener Co., Aston, Birmingham,** and it will be promptly supplied.

Circular with instructions for use given with each Fastener. See that you get it.

AFTER A FEW MONTHS' USE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

(By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.)

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Bordered.	per doz.	Hem-stitched.	per doz.
Children's	1/3	Ladies'	2/9
Ladies'	1/3	Gents'	3/11
Gents'	3/3		

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra.)

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

1895 PROCLAMATION. GRAND PIONEER REDUCTION SALE.

Hodgson & Son, the well-known Carpet Manufacturers of the City of Leeds, will take effect on sight of this advertisement.—The Queen's Royal Household Prudential, Eclipse, and Alarm Carpets and Hearthrugs, &c. Amazingly interesting, instructive, and detailed Grand Reduction Catalogue post free, if, when writing, you mention this paper.

WORKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we send out too large a Carpet for the money. Be this so or not, we send measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft.—even for 2s. 11d. TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.

100,000 "ALARM" (REGISTERED.) CARPETS.

SALE PRICE 2/11 EACH.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

This Gigantic Offer is a special Contract made with readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY only. We will Forward Direct from the Looms to Any Address, on Receipt of Amount, a Genuine Woven, Seamless, Reversible Carpet, THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE. Suitable for Sitting-room or Bedroom, Bordered and Woven in Art Colours, large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any Middle Profits. Remember these are Woven, not Printed, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost Double above Prices. A Rug sent with Carpet, 10d. extra.

SALE PRICE 2/11 EACH.

SPECIAL OFFER.—TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS - - - 7s. 3d.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" CARPET COUPON, 9-5-96.

Accept of this Coupon and P.O.O. or stamps for amount, we offer to send goods as above to your address in any part of United Kingdom. Cash returned in full if not satisfied.

(Signed) F. HODGSON & SON.

Value unequalled in the Annals of Advertising. As a favour, kindly examine and compare these Carpets.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Do not Miss this Opportunity. It May Not Occur Again.

All Orders despatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Telephone No. 968.

Cadbury's cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.

"Light, refreshing, and invigorating to the jaded mind and body; delicious to the palate; absolutely pure, and free from alkalies."

FAMILY DOCTOR.

Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

"On the Shields."

"The Lady's Pictorial" says:

"**JOHN NOBLE Ltd., of MANCHESTER,** have made their name Famous all the World over by their marvellous

HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES."

A MULTITUDE OF DELIGHTED CUSTOMERS have sent similar letters to this, and the originals may be seen at Brook Street Mills.

FIVE GUINEAS FOR 10/6.

Mrs. M——, Walthamstow, writes: I am surprised at the 10/6 Costume just received from John Noble; the skirt hangs most beautifully. I have lately paid £5 5s. 0d. elsewhere for a tailor-made Costume which does not fit me nearly so well, and which is not nearly so well finished as the one I have from you.

IN THE PAST
TO-DAY

It was a custom among warlike nations for the soldiers to lift on their Shields those who had borne them well in the fi[illegible] a mark of honour and Popular Esteem.

Public Estimation has exalted on its Shield, so to speak, the Firm of **JOHN NOBLE Ltd.,** by reason of sheer ho[illegible] of service in Life's Battle of **THE**

JOHN NOBLE MODEL COSTUME[illegible]

Manufactured solely by JOHN NOBLE Ltd., and of which there are continually arising many vain and feeble imitations. These Costumes are [illegible] the World-Famed John Noble Cheviot Serge, and the satisfaction and glee which result from the making of a **Genuine Bargain,** so dear to all wo[illegible] is the particular property of all who send for any of the Costumes set forth on the Shields below or in the "Book of Costumes," sent post free on appli[illegible]

N.B.—The ordinary stock sizes of the Ladies' Costumes fit figures measuring 34, 36, or 38 in. round the bust under arms, the skirts being 38 in. [illegible] long in front. Larger or special sizes made to measure for **1/6** extra.

Colours.—Any of the following Costumes can be supplied in **Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Electric Blue, Ruby, Cinnamon, Fawn, or Grey. Patterns,** also **"The Book of Costumes"** and **Fashion Sheets** of numerous other designs in Ladies' and [illegible] Costumes, &c., sent Post Free to any reader on application.

Model 414. THE JOHN NOBLE
OPEN COAT COSTUME

Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and consisting of plain tailor-made Godet Skirt and well cut out-door jacket, latest style, with square corners, neat revers, and specially designed to remain fastened or open. **Price complete only 10/6.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. Skirt only, as sketch, supplied for **5/6,** carriage 6d. extra.

10/6

Model 374. THE JOHN NOBLE
HALF-GUINEA COSTUME

An exceedingly smart mode in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of wide Godet Skirt, with belt, also very neat Bodice, with full front and broad box-pleat down centre, trimmed bold silk cord and three large buttons; Collar and Cuffs finished silk cord; saddle and sleeves lined. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. Skirt only, as sketch, can be supplied for **5/6,** carriage 6d. extra.

10/6 **10/6**

Model 466. THE JOHN NOBLE
POPULAR SUIT

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The suit consists of graceful cut wide Skirt and tailor-made open Coat with newest shape sleeves, turn down collar, continued into smart curved revers, and fo[illegible] pockets. The la[illegible]que is arranged in very smart folds, and the seams of the sleeves and the back are tailor-stitched à la mode. **Price complete only 15/-.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

15/-

Model 427.
YOUNG LADIES' COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with lined Bodice trimmed military braid, centre box-pleat and buttons, the skirt being ornamented at each side with fancy pockets, and finished military braid and buttons en suite.

Length.	Price.
35in.,	8/6;
38in.,	9/6;
42in.,	10/9;
46in.,	12/-;
50in.,	13/6.

Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. Lengths are from top of neck-band to bottom of skirt in front.

FROM **8/6** FROM **8/6**

Model 458.
A CHARMING MODE (10/6)

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The Bodice, with shaped close-fitting back, has the front made full, and fastening to the left, where it is prettily trimmed fine military braid, and finished fancy buttons; collar, cuffs, and belt trimmed to match. Saddle and sleeves lined. **Price only 10/6 complete.** Safely packed and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

10/6

Model 425.
YOUNG LADIES' COSTUME

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The Bodice is made with prettily gathered front latest shape sleeves & shaped belt. The skirt is trimmed with four rows of narrow black Russia braid, the cuffs, collar and belt of bodice being trimmed similarly.

Length.	Price.
35in.,	6/11;
38in.,	7 9;
42in.,	8 9;
46in.,	9 9;
50in.,	10 9.

Lengths are from top of neck-band to bottom of skirt in front. Safely packed & sent carriage paid for 9d extra.

6/11 **6/11**

"THE BOOK OF COSTUMES."

JOHN NOBLE Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, will send Post Free on application, a choicely illustrated volume containing more than 50 excellent designs of Ladies' and Children's Fashionable Costumes, suitable for Morning or General Wear, Gardening, Walking, Climbing, Golf, Boating, Tennis, Travelling, in fact for

ANY WEAR OR ANY WEARER ANYWHERE.

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SPECIAL WARNING **SPECIAL WARNING**

JOHN NOBLE Ltd., Manufacturers of the World-famed **JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE,** hereby give notice that they will institute criminal proceedings against any person or persons infringing any of their Trade Marks or Registered Titles, and they also take this opportunity of Warning the Public generally against the misleading imitations that are continually being made of their manufactures and designs. And **JOHN NOBLE Ltd.,** who are also the Originators and actual Manufacturers of **The John Noble Model Costumes** made from the above Serge, desire particularly to emphasise the fact that they employ neither Agents, Canvassers, nor Travellers, and have no Branches outside their Manchester Establishments. All orders and enquiries should therefore be plainly and distinctly addressed to

The John Noble KNOCKABOUT FROCK

For GIRLS, are adapted alike for School or H[illegible] wear, and always look neat and becoming despi[illegible] roughest usage. They are thoroughly well made [illegible] John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle-top, lo[illegible] sleeves and pocket, at following prices:

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	[illegible]
Prices	1/6	2/-	2 6	3/-	3 6	4/-	4 6	5/-	[illegible]

Sent carriage paid, for 4½d. extra. Lengths from [illegible] neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

JOHN NOBLE LTD., BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER

On May 15 Your Last Chance Goes of Winning the £250 Offered in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 303.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 9, 1896. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A SMILING FACE.

'Tis nice to wear a smiling face,
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the snow in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

'Tis nice to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
'Tis nice to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

'Tis nice to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To watch, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth.
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win.
'Tis nice to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT.

THE most important painting executed by Velasquez, the celebrated Spanish painter, towards the end of his career, and by some considered his masterpiece, was the large group at Madrid known as "The Maids of Honour." Into this painting Velasquez introduced a portrait of himself working at an easel.

King Philip was mightily interested in the progress of this picture, and visited the painter daily during its production. At length, in the course of one of these visits, Velasquez laid down palette and brushes and declared the painting finished.

"Not quite," said the King, "one detail is lacking," and, taking up a brush, he began to work on the portrait of the painter.

With a few touches he sketched on his breast the cross of the Order of Knighthood of Santiago, one of the highest honours it was in his power to bestow.

HOW DO YOU WALK?

A SHOEMAKER says: "As soon as a man comes into my shop and takes off his shoes, I can tell whether or not he is a good walker, and it is astonishing to find how few men know the proper way to step out. If the shoe is worn down at the heel—not on the side, but straight back—and the leather of the sole shows signs of weakness at the ball of the foot, a little greater on the inside just below the base of the great toe, I know that the wearer is a good walker.

"If, however, the heel is turned on one side, or is worn unevenly throughout, and the sole is worn most near the toe, I know that I have to deal with a poor pedestrian. The reason of the difference in position of the worn spot lies in the fact that the poor walker walks from his knees, and the good one from his hip.

"Watch the passer-by in the street, and you will at once see the difference. Nine men out of ten will bend the knee very considerably in walking, stepping straight out with both hips on the same line, and the toe will be the first to strike the ground. The tenth man will bend his knee very little—just enough to clear the ground—and will swing the leg from the hip, very much as the arm is swung from the shoulder, and not from the elbow.

"By so doing he calls upon the muscles which are strongest to bear the strain, and increases the length of his stride four or six inches. The heel touches the ground first, and not the toe. A slight spring is given from the ball of the foot on making another stride.

"Men who walk in this fashion cover the ground thirty per cent. faster with the same exertion than those who walk from the knee."

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ARISTOCRATIC INDEED!

A SMALL boy, who lives in Leeds, was one day calling on a school friend and fell into conversation with his friend's mother. He finally remarked that it was getting very hard to tell, from the places in which people live, whether or not they are entitled to social consideration.

"Now, there is Blank Street," he said; "you wouldn't think anybody was much that lived in Blank Street, would you? But there's Mr. Tomson, he lives there!"

"And is Mr. Tomson much?"

"Mr. Tomson!" with an air of one overwhelmed by astonishment that such an obvious fact should escape anybody. "I should think he was! He's an awful swell. Why, he won't speak to my father!"

PRIDE WHICH COST 25,000 FRANCS.

THE late Baron James Rothschild was on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated to him several of his novels. One day, when about to proceed to Germany, being short of funds, Balzac applied to the Baron, who handed him the sum of three thousand francs, and at the same time a letter of introduction addressed to his nephew in Vienna.

The letter was unsealed, as is usual in such cases. Balzac read it, thought its tone altogether inadequate (he was always puffed up with conceit), scorned to deliver it, and returned to Paris with the autograph in his pocket.

On his arrival he waited upon the great banker.

"Well," said the Baron, "did you see my nephew?"

Balzac boldly confessed that he had kept the letter.

"I am sorry for your sake," said the Baron. "Have you it by you?"

"Why, certainly; here it is."

"Do you observe this little mark below the signature? It gave you an open credit on our Vienna bank to the extent of twenty-five thousand francs."

PREPARE FOR SEPTEMBER 19.

A MOST remarkable book has just been issued in the little town of Vichy, France. Its author is the Abbé Dupin, curé of the village of Dion, and he declares that he has discovered indubitable evidence of the approaching end of all things. The great "coup," as he calls it, will, he assures us, take place in all probability on the 19th or 20th of September of this year, certainly before the close of 1899.

What makes this statement so extraordinary is the fact that the author declares that his work is issued with the sanction of the Catholic authorities.

Rome has discouraged any visions of this kind in her priests, knowing that whatever temporary effect they may have is soon destroyed when the futility of the prophecy is discovered. The Abbé is doubtless claiming more authority than he has.

The title of the book is curious, and reminds one of the first pages of some Elizabethan romance. Here is part of it:

"The grand coup, or universal cataclysm, will ravage the world between the 19th and 21st of September, 1896, as foretold in the Scriptures. The prophecies of the Old and New Testament compare with those of the Father, and with the secrets of La Salette, in which are foretold the great war which will destroy nine-tenths of the human race, the coming of Antichrist, and his reign, after which the Church will triumph over her enemies and the reign of Christ begin on earth."

The book is divided into two parts. In the first the author foretells the events which are about to occur, including the devastation of the world by wars, earthquakes, and plagues, the birth of Antichrist, whose mother, he says, is already here, and a terrible cataclysm, the nature of which is vague, which will leave few human beings alive. All this, he declares, he has found, on unimpeachable authority, to be due to occur at the time he states.

The second part contains his reasons for selecting the time he specifies. It consists of a number of elaborate calculations of the kind with which readers of similar prophecies are familiar. Some of the coincidences he mentions are curious, but people will probably not alarm themselves to any great extent by his warnings.

WHAT THE SURPLUS MEANS.

IN the course of his speech, when presenting the Budget, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach) referred to the surplus of £4,210,000 as "the largest surplus that has been realised in the last fifty years." What an opportunity for the "mad statistician"! How many have any notion as to what this sum really means? Let us see if it is at all possible to convey some idea as to what such a large surplus represents. In £4,210,000 there are—

842,000 £5 Bank of England notes.	42,100,000 florins.
4,210,000 sovereigns.	84,200,000 shillings.
8,420,000 half-sovereigns.	168,400,000 sixpences.
16,840,000 crowns.	336,800,000 threepences.
21,050,000 double florins.	1,010,400,000 pennies.
33,680,000 half-crowns.	2,020,800,000 halfpennies.
	4,041,600,000 farthings.

If a man presented a cheque at the Bank of England for the amount of the surplus, and, in response to the cashier's question as to how he would have it, asked for it in twelve equal portions according to the number of the coins of the realm, he would receive the sum of £350,833 in twelve parcels, containing in all 649,042,054 coins.

It will be found that fourteen pennies weigh a quarter of a pound; taking this as a basis, one discovers that the Chancellor's surplus in pence would weigh no less than 8,054 tons 17cwt. 0qr. 3lb. 2oz.

Placed side by side the 1,010,400,000 pennies would make a chain 19,136 miles 2 furlongs 200yd. in length—or sufficient to place a girdle round more than three-fourths of the earth's surface.

Erected pillar-wise, one upon the other, these same coins would reach a height of no less than 996 miles 5 furlongs 106yd. 2ft.

Cycle enthusiasts may gain some further idea of the magnitude of the surplus, when they read that if it was spent upon bicycles, paying £15 each, it would purchase 280,667 machines. These machines, placed in Indian file, would make a procession extending in length 318 miles 7 furlongs 57yd.—a procession that would reach from Paddington Station to Penzance, or from King's Cross to Alnwick, or from Euston Station to Ecclefechan (about 20 miles beyond Carlisle), or from St. Pancras Station to Warkworth (about 7 miles beyond Morpeth).

If expended upon copies of *Pearson's Magazine*, it would purchase 168,400,000 copies, or sufficient to make a carpet that would cover an area of 178,074 miles 3 furlongs 211yd. 4in.; or if expended in copies of *Pearson's Weekly*, it would furnish a sum sufficient to insure one in every three persons in the British Isles receiving a copy regularly for one year by post.

FIRST SWEET THING: "Is it true that you love Dick Dashleigh? Tell me, dear, in confidence."

Second Sweet Thing: "Well, then, in confidence, dear, I do love him devotedly."

First Sweet Thing (aside): "That settles it! I'll accept the proposal he made me last night."

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL (entering with fingers and thumbs wrapped in bandages): "Is this where they swear people?"

Notary: "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

Excited Individual: "Give me the book. I want to take an oath never to put down another carpet."

A Continental Tour for £2.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons for an attractive Continental Tour for readers of *P.W.* This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo. Passengers will travel third class by train and second by steamer. Breakfast will be provided at Antwerp on arrival, and two days and a half full accommodation at headquarters. Those who wish to stay at any particular hotel on Messrs. Cook's first-class list can do so at an additional cost of 10s. All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and inclosing £2 in postal orders.

Notice is hereby given that the figures in "What the Surplus Means" have not been checked by editor, sub-editors, or—this for the benefit of the sarcastic—office-boy. The fact that the author is one of the leading statisticians of the day is good enough for us.

P'TITE MÈRE MARGOT.

By Clive Holland.

Author of "My Japanese Wife," etc., etc.

P'tite Mère—everyone called her that, though her real name was Margot Bonnard—was quite a well-known character in the Rue Tiquetonne. Almost everyone knew the slight, graceful girl with the dark, dreamy eyes and pretty smiling face, who came down from her attic in the sky, from whence she could look over miles of red and grey roofs and sometimes catch a glimpse of pigeons wheeling ere Paris was yet fully awake to get the flowers which she sold near the steps of the Madeleine fresh from the market carts.

She had gained her quaint title of P'tite Mère when her mother died, run over by a huge Batignolles 'bus one slippery January night about a year after her husband had been shot in an African affair of outposts. Little Michel, called Miche, who had arrived twelve years after her own advent, was a baby of scarcely more than three when Maman Bonnard died in the hospital, and so the Sisters wished to take care of him.

But P'tite Mère was firm: "No, I shall take care of him," she replied. "I can sell my flowers; we shall do very well. He is so small, and I shall not need to eat much. No, I must keep little Miche as long as I can." And so, after she had sorrowfully followed her mother to her last resting-place in Père Lachaise, the little *cortége* leaving marks on the freshly fallen snow as if huge salt tears had fallen there, and had placed the little wreath of immortelles, with her eyes blinded by tears, upon the mound of grey earth which alone marked the spot, she returned home to little Miche and life.

People were very kind to P'tite Mère; she was so pretty and quite devoted to little Miche. She was industrious, too, and it costs so little to live in Paris comparatively speaking. Not only did P'tite Mère pay her way, but, what was more wonderful to the neighbours, she managed to save a little, so that tiny Miche was dressed more like the child of a well-to-do *bourgeoise* than the brother of a vendor of posies and buttonholes. Now the evenings were getting longer she used to hurry home so as to have the pleasure of taking him along the Boulevards and see him clap his hands at the *poupées* in the toy-shop windows and the flashing gems in the great jewellers. It was only when a Batignolles 'bus lumbered by that a shadow would cross her pretty face. These great Batignolles 'busses, with their thunderous rumble along the Boulevards and gay crowd of passengers on the roofs, seemed to her like Molochs under which her dead mother was being perpetually crushed. But little Miche would pull her hand in his excitement at some street sight or gay shop window, and she would smile again as she looked down on him.

How strong little Miche was and looked! and when he sprang off the kerb on crossing the street she felt his chubby arms quite firm in her hands. She used to scold him, of course, and say: "Miche, you bad boy, you will hurt yourself;" and then to herself, "My! what a weight he is." But she would smile all the same, and feel proud that his arms were so strong, and that he could do his little trick without harm.

Oh! those fine spring evenings on the boulevards, when the asphalte was neither too cold nor too hot, when the chesnuts began to dress in their green, and the sticky sheaths of the lime buds to fall off on to the pavement with the bursting of the buds. These nights when the sky took yellow and pink shades, and the dusk crept on quite slowly. And then when the great electric lamps, suddenly flashed out their violet light along the roadway little Miche would clap his hands, having watched for them patiently for ever so long, and cry: "*Voilà les lunes.*" And sometimes a lady or gentleman would overhear him, and, exclaiming "*Fort bien, mon p'tit,*" would pat him on his curly head, or slip a sou into his chubby hand. It was such incidents as these which made the pretty colour surge most strongly into P'tite Mère's face.

It was when "*les lunes*" appeared, throwing sharp black shadows of men and things upon the roadway and the asphalte of the boulevard, that she would say:

"Come, little Miche, we must be going."

And then, if he were tired, she would take him up, proud of his heaviness, and uncomplainingly carry him till her arms ached and her own feet began to drag and cling close to the surface of the pavement. When she had put him to bed, after they had both knelt down before a gaily-coloured plaster Virgin, with a simpering face, which stood on a little bracket in the corner of the room farthest from the little dormer window and its distractions, she would sing him to sleep, and then sit either mending his or her own clothes, reading stray copies of the Journal de la Jeunesse or Le Journal Pour Rire, which Madame Valentine lent her. From the former she obtained skeletons of stories to tell little Miche, from the latter a somewhat distorted view of a life she did not at all understand. Sometimes an echo of this life, which the Journal Pour Rire and Courrier Français depicted with an insistency which would lead one to believe every pretty *grisette* had adopted it, would reach her. But she was so far up above it all in her attic near the sky, and little Miche took up so much of her thought that the miasma of such things and of the life of the pavement did not infect nor reach her.

In the summer mornings there were rare doings in the room. Miche would sprawl on the bed in a patch of clear, early morning sunlight, and pull P'tite Mère's dark tresses till she scarcely repressed a cry, and, if she were not awake as soon as he, thrust his chubby fingers in her eyes, or shake her baby-wise with his hand at her throat. At other times he would scramble over the miniature Pyrenees she formed by jutting up her limbs beneath the sheets, and fall exhausted with shrill child's laughter on top of her on the other side.

Miche's bath these summer evenings was a ceremony seldom missed. With her savings P'tite Mère had purchased a huge galvanised tub, in which Miche splashed about to his heart's content, sending the water, the getting of which had necessitated several tiring journeys down to the tap on the landing of the third floor, over both P'tite Mère and the bare floor.

But "You bad boy to spill the water so," or, "Miche, I shall have to send for old Croquemitaine," as she called the commissionaire, "if you don't behave better," was all the reproof she had the heart to administer.

When Miche's toilet was completed, P'tite Mère used to take him down to Madame Valentine, with whose little one he used to contentedly play all day, then she would start out for her day's work, a trim little figure of a Paris flower-girl.

The *sergent de ville*, who haunted her corner of the Place de la Madeleine, used to look out for her. She had always a smile for him, and a nice fresh *boutonnière* which he religiously put in his coat when off duty.

"Well, Mignonne," he would say when she came up smiling with her tray of *boutonnières* so daintily arranged, "where were you last night?"

"With Miche."

"*Toujours* Miche. Well, I never! Do you never go to the *bals?* Come, now, confess, is there no fine fellow to take you? You must dance very well, I should think. Such ankles as yours, Mignonne, were meant for one-two-three."

"No," replied P'tite Mère, "there is no one, Sergeant. Positively no one," she added, smiling at his look of incredulity.

"Hélas!" rejoined the sergeant, "and no gentleman has ever taken you to the Café to see Paulus, or Judic? No? It will not be long, then, I warrant you——.

"Certainly, madame," he went on to a lady who had interrupted his gallantry. "Rue St. Honoré. The first turning on the left down the Rue Royale."

"I am much obliged, monsieur."

"It is nothing, madame."

But when he turned round to speak to her again P'tite Mère had disappeared.

She was standing at her corner, and already not a few of her posies were gone. There were several gentlemen who always bought their *boutonnières* from the reserved, pretty little flower seller, on their way to the Bourse. It had become a habit, and such habits are the backbone of street traders of P'tite Mère's class. They would often even stop their carriages for the purpose, and there was sure to be some *badinage* flying about. But none of these swell gentlemen succeeded in breaking through P'tite Mère's *cheveaux de frise* of inate reserve. There were but two or three persons who had done so: worthy Jacques Volney, the sergeant was one, and a young English artist who resided in the Boulevard de Magenta, was another.

Christian Grey had been struck with P'tite Mère's pretty face one bright spring morning as he was coming back from the Bois de Boulogne, where he had been making a study of the freshest and most delicate tints Dame Nature could show. But he said in his own mind that he had seen nothing so fresh, pretty, and charming as P'tite Mère's piquant face and figure.

What more natural, when he had purchased a *boutonnière* to his somewhat fastidious taste, than that he should pay P'tite Mère a pretty compliment with the ten sous?

A compliment which called the colour into her cheeks whilst he was standing there, and caused her to agree with herself that he was a handsome young student with a polite tongue when he had gone.

Afterwards she often caught herself thinking of his tall, thin figure as she stood in the shade afforded by one of the trees of the Place de la Madeleine.

And yet "what nonsense it all is," she would suddenly exclaim half aloud, with a toss of her shapely head. "I may never see him again, and yet——"

Ah! P'tite Mère. That "and yet" tells a tale.

It was fully four weeks ere she again saw Christian Grey.

Quite in the distance she saw him coming, and casting down her eyes she pretended she did not see him and was not glad in her heart that he had come again.

"*Bonsoir*, mademoiselle. You have but a *boutonnière* or two remaining. Never mind, that one will do."

"This?" said P'tite Mère, looking up with more colour showing in her cheeks than for which the sun could be held to account.

"No, mademoiselle. That one with the cornflowers. My word, those are something like a colour!"

"You have been away, monsieur?" exclaimed P'tite Mère, for lack of something better to say, adjusting the *boutonnière* to her satisfaction.

"Yes. But I have not forgotten you? Have you me?"

"I see so many persons during even only one day?" replied P'tite Mère evasively after hesitation and with deepening blushes.

"Of course, but I shall not be leaving Paris for a long while now. I shall be passing this way pretty frequently. And, perhaps, mademoiselle, you might permit me to paint you. Just as you stand here, making up and selling your *boutonnières*."

"Monsieur cannot really wish to paint me. He is only joking. I am only a poor flower girl; amongst monsieur's many lady friends there must be some more worthy of monsieur's pencil."

"There are few your equal, mademoiselle. And none that I desire so particularly to transfer to my canvas. But mademoiselle is quite within her right in refusing my request," was the rejoinder.

P'tite Mère made no reply.

In her heart of hearts she was both flattered and pleased by his request, but he had so evidently construed her fencing as a refusal that there was no more to say. Besides, M. Volney in one of his communicative moods had told her all students were bad, and of the very worst were art students. And Madame Valentine had some queer stories of them and their ways.

"Should mademoiselle alter her mind," continued Grey, after a pause which was irksome to both, "I shall be charmed. But," as a neighbouring clock struck the hour, "I must say *au revoir*, it is no little distance to my hotel."

"Yes, indeed. Monsieur will be tired," replied P'tite Mère, with a glimmering suspicion that Grey had added his address in the hope that she might relent.

A moment later, raising his hat, he stepped into the roadway and was lost to sight behind the huge omnibus which rumbled by on its way to the correspondence station at the corner.

A fat, Jewish-looking financier, who stared at her till she blushed, came up with his elaborately gloved hands filled with papers, and purchased her sole remaining *boutonnière* with a compliment which caused her to flush a deeper red still, and left an uncomfortable feeling behind it.

Checking any further advances towards intimacy with "Pardon, monsieur, what is the hour if you please? So late! I must be going." She shook the few remaining leaves and pieces of moss from her tray, and stepped from the pavement, and set out on her way home.

All the while she was thinking of Christian Grey. Did he want to paint every pretty girl, or only her? She was quite conscious that she was pretty. Her glass told her that, even if Madame Valentine had not remarked on it with sundry pieces of good advice as to the snare which good looks often proved. If she had not felt pretty she would not have taken half the care she did of her personal appearance. Her dress would not have fitted her figure in a manner suggestive of an expensive *couturière*, nor her hair have been dressed in a style betokening considerable skill and great care. Ere she reached the Rue Tiquetonne she had decided that Christian Grey was good-looking, indeed, unusually so; that he was—well, something which made thinking of him a pleasure, and seeing him a source of exquisite confusion. Perhaps, if she had not reached home quite so soon, and if little Miche had not been on the doorstep to welcome her, she might have analysed these feelings more fully.

How pleasant it was for P'tite Mère to sell her flowers during the long summer days when she stood at the corner of the Place de la Madeleine, and watched Paris invaded by loud-voiced American tourists and those strange beings, "the travelling English."

Sometimes they would speak to her, asking her some question in queer, incomprehensible French—about the gloomy pile of the Madeleine at which they stolidly stared.

"Pardon, monsieur, I do not understand," she would exclaim with a puzzled air; and then the thing would begin all over again: "*S'il vous plaît*——," and when the verb became inextricably mixed as to tense and number P'tite Mère would simply nod her head with a deprecatory air, and shrug her shoulders and shake her pretty head. And then Monsieur Volney, the [illegible]

A MUSICAL RHAPSODY.

Tenor eleven men were seated in the *bar*, looking through the pages of *MELODY*, when a *dead-beat*, leaning heavily upon a stout *staff*, entered.—

who spoke "ze Engleesh a leedle," would come to her rescue, and the struggle with an alien tongue, or rather with two alien tongues, would recommence.

In the end something would be settled, and the worthy M. Volney would give P'tite Mère a nod, and ejaculate: "*Ah, ces Anglais!*" and return triumphantly to his "point," persuaded that his English had improved, whilst the spokesman of the English would congratulate himself in like manner upon his mastery of the French language, and wonder vaguely why such a pretty girl as P'tite Mère should have been so confoundedly stupid.

During some six weeks of the height of summer, Christian Grey was absent from Paris, making studies of women and things at a village down the Seine. He came and said good-bye to P'tite Mère one morning late in July, and after that somehow or other she fancied that the sun shone less brightly, and that the days were longer—till she got home to little Miche.

When Grey returned to Paris in the early autumn she saw him again quite frequently.

One day little Miche was with her, and she noticed that Grey looked at him somewhat curiously and askance. Without knowing exactly why she felt the colour flash up into her neck and face. Grey evidently noticed it, for after a commonplace concerning the weather, he said good-bye with unusual promptness, and walked rapidly away.

* * * * *

Could Miche, little Miche, really be dead? Were all her vigils and ceaseless prayers of no avail? Was he cold in her arms? Was it really so, or only a nightmare which the slow dawning of a November day would dissipate?

P'tite Mère was alone—alone with the stars—in her chamber near the sky; up far above the pavement along which little Miche's tiny feet had pattered so often during the summer now dead.

Yes, it was true.

See! his lips are cold, and P'tite Mère starts as she kisses them.

"P'tit Miche! P'tit Miche!" rings out, half a wail and half a shriek of agony. But little Miche does not stir. His eyes are still closed, and is it fancy, or is he stiffening in her arms?

She lays him at last upon the bed, covers him warmly with the gay-coloured blanket which had pleased him so much when she brought it home but a week ago. Then she kneels beside him.

No, no; little Miche cannot be dead. He is only playing hide-and-seek, and will soon wake when it gets light, and will laugh at her and tangle his fingers in her hair as he used to do, till she cries out and threatens to call old Croquemitaine. What can she be thinking of? Kneeling here at the bedside, and saying over and over again: "Dear Mother of God, make Miche well! Dear Mother of Christ, give me back little Miche!"

Surely she must have said these words often enough. Yes, she will get into bed, and Miche will nestle close to her in her arms and be warm.

* * * * *

P'tite Mère has always a sad face now as she stands at the corner of the Madeleine steps, and even fat Sergeant Volney can scarce evoke a smile with his good-tempered jokes. On Sundays she goes to Père Lachaise and weeps silently over little Miche's baby grave. She has not seen Christian Grey for weeks. Indeed, in her grief she has almost forgotten him. Old Jaques Volney has joked her about "the handsome Anglais" once or twice, but she has let it pass. She cannot quite forget Grey's look when he saw little Miche at her side.

With the spring he came again. He noticed her neat black dress, but said nothing. Why should he? she asked herself. Little Miche was of no interest to him. And yet he might have said: "Mademoiselle, accept my sympathy." Might he not? But she scarcely admitted her disappointment even to herself.

Once or twice he bought several *boutonnières* which she made at his request into one. Perhaps they were for some woman. What did she care? And yet, though the sun was shining, she felt cold all of a sudden.

"Why do you never spend your dinner hour in the Gardens, mademoiselle?"

"I do sometimes," replied P'tite Mère, without looking up from her task of making six *boutonnières* into one.

"But I have never seen you there."

"Nor I you, Monsieur Grey."

"Will mademoiselle permit me to escort her when next she goes?" Grey asked with an intonation of eagerness, which made P'tite Mère flush red.

"Monsieur is too kind. He cannot wish to spend his time in the society of a poor flower-seller."

"Mademoiselle does herself, and me also, an injustice," Grey rejoined. "Come, mademoiselle! When shall it be? To-day? To-morrow? When?"

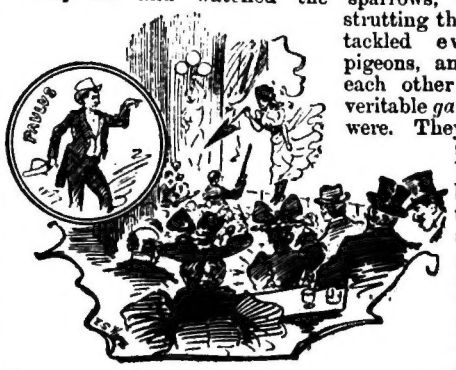
"To-morrow," said P'tite Mère in a low, almost frightened tone.

"*Au revoir* till then, mademoiselle," said Grey gaily, taking the bouquet which she held out to him.

When he had gone she wondered at her own audacity. But yet why should she? She was her own mistress, and even if as old Sergeant Volney had said: "Oh, those artists, they are all rogues. They are always after the petticoats, if they hang on a pretty girl." Well, she was lonely, and there was no one to care.

P'tite Mère and her artist, as Sergeant Volney nicknamed Grey, spent many dinner hours together in the shady gardens of the Tuilleries.

They sat and watched the sparrows, impudent strutting things who tackled even the pigeons, and fought each other like the veritable *gamins* they were. They watched the trees bud and break, and the limes shed their gummy sheaths, which stuck to ladies' skirts as they swept the walks. They amused themselves by guessing when the first blossom would appear on the chestnut overhanging the seat they always sought to occupy. And almost quarrelled about it.



They did not talk of love. But there came a time when long silences seemed to possess them both. They spoke only with their eyes for ten minutes together. The dinner hour, too, had acquired a habit of lengthening itself till P'tite Mère would be startled by the clock, and insist on rushing away alone along the avenue, because they dawdled so when walking in company.

During the early summer Grey used sometimes to appear again at the time she was thinking of returning to her lonely attic. And often they would have tea at a Duval, and spend the evening together in one of the back rows at a café chantant. Grey wished to go up in front, but P'tite Mère, either through economy or prudence, would never consent.

Then afterwards Grey would walk home with her in the summer moonlight, which the electric lamps tried to eclipse, along the interminable asphalte boulevards and streets, which seemed all too short to her.

His good-night had soon passed from "good-night, mademoiselle," to "good-night, p'tite sœur." And then it became, "Margot, Margot, good-night." And then one summer evening, when the air was hot and the very stars seemed to wane with fatigue, he kissed her, and afterwards she lay awake till dawn, thinking if it were so very wrong as it has been so very sweet.

She must not see him again.

But next day saw them as usual under the chesnut on the seat where he had carved her name, "Margot," and his "Christian."

"Margot, Margot," he said, and she thought he was reading the name out as he often did, dwelling on it.

"Margot!"

There was something in his voice very strange, and she looked up.

"Dear little Margot, do you know what I am going to tell you?"

She turned a very pale face to him, and faltered a "no," so faint that he had to lean very close to her to hear it.

"Margot. It is that I love you. I love you so much I must have you. Margot, Margot, why are you crying?"

"Because——"

"Because you love me?"

P'tite Mère's face was crimson now.

"Not because——" a sudden harshness came into Grey's voice, "not because——"

"No, no." And he understood.

"Only because I have been so sad sometimes, and lonely since Miche went away. I cared for him when he was quite a baby. Oh, P'tit Miche, why did you not stay?"

And then her hand stole softly into his and her face smiled up at him.

"Kiss me!"

"And this is my answer?"

"Yes."

"Dear Margot! Is it true, then, that you love me?"

"Yes, yes. Why not?"

"Because you are so sweet and pretty."

"And you are so big, and handsome, and kind."

"Ah, little flatterer!"

"No, no. A woman cannot flatter the man she loves."

ARE YOU A PAUPER?

THE obvious answer to this question is no, or you could not afford to buy *Pearson's Weekly*.

Let us follow it by another question. If you can afford to spend a penny on gratifying your literary tastes by buying a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, can you not afford to spend another penny on gratifying your charitable instincts by spending the same amount on the FRESH AIR FUND?

Answer (if you are a good fellow): "Of course. Where's an envelope, and a couple of stamps? Let me send it along at once." N.B.—Twopence or P.O. is even better.

FIRST FISHERMAN: "What luck?"

Second Fisherman: "None at all; can't get the cork out."

WHEN one looks round and sees hundreds of doughheads getting rich doing nothing, while one is working like a slave for one's daily bread, it makes a fellow feel as though the butter of this world was spread by a stepmother.

"WHAT is all that row in the dining-room?" asked the penny-show manager with some irritation.

"It do be the glass eater, sor," said the Zulu Chieftain. "He says th' cook give him a cracked tombler an' he cut his toong an it."

TROTTER: "I say, old man, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver?"

Barlow: "No, my dear boy; but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf."

JUST WHAT HE REQUIRED.—"Why, there's Rushmore, pushing and struggling in that crowd of women! He must be crazy!"

"Not at all, he does it to keep in practice for next season's football matches; says there's no exercise like it!"

MRS. WEATHERWAX: "I don't see where all the money comes from for these wars they are carrying on all over the earth?"

Mr. Weatherwax: "I don't know myself, but it seems to me that map publishers ought to subscribe some of it, anyway."

HUMOURS OF INFANCY.—A little boy aged four, whose mamma thought it right to refuse him something upon which his heart was desperately set, finding that there was no hope for him, burst into a passion of tears, and exclaimed: "Well, then, what did they born me for?"

RECENTLY two American Indians paid a visit to this country, and wondered much at the great sights that met their gaze. One day, however, they saw something which to them appeared to eclipse all they had previously seen. Going along Regent Street, they suddenly stopped in front of a hairdresser's shop, and pointing to the wigs which were in the window, exclaimed: "Ugh, ugh! Large man. Heap big brave. Much scalp, much scalp."

"I PRESUME, Mr. Brown," said the young man who was about to marry into the family, "that Ethel will take her piano with her when we commence keeping house?"

"Indeed she will not," answered his prospective father-in-law; "that piano belongs to her mother."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, thank you!" exclaimed the young man, grasping him by the hand; and the light of great joy shone in his eyes.

THE CHARACTER FROM THE HANDWRITING.

THOSE of the readers of *P.W.* who wish to have their characters told should forward a specimen of their handwriting upon an unruled sheet of paper with their signature and full address.

With this should be inclosed six stamps and a stamped and addressed envelope. All letters should be marked "GRAPHOLOGIST," and forwarded to **Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.**

—He wore an *air* of embarrassment, and there was a perceptible *quaver* in his *tone* as he in-*choired* if the barmaid would give a glass of rum to a man who had just returned from a voyage on the *high C's*.—

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2971. What is the Ideal Position for Bicycle Riding—not Racing?

As for appearance the perfectly upright seat is the best. For comfort a slight slant is preferable. This slant must not be a stoop. The head should be erect, the chest thrown out, the arms straight. From a hygienic point of view there is little to choose between these two positions. The tip of the saddle should be depressed slightly—almost imperceptibly. The handle-bar should be the same height, or a trifle higher, than the seat. One must consider, too, the relative positions of saddle and pedals. When the crank is horizontal, pointing backwards, the foot should be so placed that a plumb line drawn from the hip joint to the ground would bisect the ankle. The correct point of elevation is easily discovered. Seated in the saddle the rider should be able to place his foot evenly beneath the pedal in its downward extension, to do this without effort, but only just be able to do it. In riding, the ball of the foot should rest exactly over the pedal pin.

2973. Which Place in the World has been the Scene of the Most Human Suffering?

This reproach belongs to Jerusalem. The unexampled suffering of the Jews throughout the world was focussed, as it were, in their own city—a city more repeatedly drenched with the blood of its children than any other. Internal factions, plague, and famine have added to the horror of its history. The picture of Jerusalem and its people during the fifty years which preceded the destruction of the city by Titus is nowhere surpassed in all the dark annals of religious zeal. Jerusalem—the City of Peace—sustained during its history seventeen sieges, and twice, amidst scenes of massacre and rapine, it was utterly destroyed and razed to the ground. The siege by Titus—the extermination of a people—was almost enough in itself to mark Jerusalem as the heart of human suffering. Famine was followed by pestilence, pestilence by fire. The horrors so multiplied that even the stern Titus called God to witness that he was not responsible. When the end came, 1,100,000 of the Jews had been slain.

2981. Which European Country is Least Liable to Foreign Invasion?

The geographical position of Switzerland, rendering impossible all attacks by sea, and offering by means of lofty mountains and difficult passes endless positions of 'vantage to a moderate defending force, renders the country almost impregnable, even in these days of gigantic armaments and far-reaching explosives. Nor have the Swiss failed to avail themselves of the resources of modern military science to supplement the strategic advantages provided them by Nature. Forts of great strength, heavily armed, and placed in almost inaccessible positions, guard the few passes by which any attempt in force could be made, and of the brave mountaineers, if few are regular soldiers, all are trained to the use of arms, and most are marksmen of approved skill. Truly the conquest of Switzerland would be a hard task for any power, or combination of powers, and one that in all human probability will never be attempted. If it be objected that Switzerland was overrun by the French in the early days of the Convention, it must be remembered that the Swiss were less united and worse organised than they are now, and that their own liberties led them to view favourably the principles, at least, of the Revolution, and paved the way for the successful treachery of the French and the subsequent occupation of the country by the latter power.

2977. Why is the Flesh of Sheep Fed by the Sea Superior to that of those Fed Inland?

This may probably be attributed to the fact that the most suitable feeding grounds are to be found in the proximity of the coast. Sheep delight in the short grass and peculiar herbage of hill pastures and bare downs; and the mutton produced in such pastures, and by the breeds most suitable to them, is of superior quality to that of the large, fat sheep fed on richer soil. The multitude of tiny shells so often found on every foot of down turf is also very efficacious in fattening and nourishing the animal. Aromatic and bitter herbs are particularly relished by sheep, while the salt deposited on the herbage by the sea winds is a valuable addition to their diet. The finest mutton to be obtained in France is procured from sheep fed on the salt marshes of Normandy, while the flesh of the Shetland and Orkney sheep, which feed largely on seaweed, is delicious.

2978. At what Period was the Fashion in Male Clothing Least Healthy?

The period between the Restoration and George IV., which may be called the era of the wig. During the whole of this period, and especially in the eighteenth century, there was an increasing tendency to overburden the body with clothing. Men's coats and waistcoats extended almost to the ground, and their wigs, mixed with pomatum—often made of rancid fat and other noxious substances to make the hair stick—were sometimes enormously heavy and overheating. The hair used was sometimes cut from the heads of diseased persons, and this, as in the time of the plague, made wigs doubly dangerous to the wearer. To dye the hair various coloured powders were used, and even coal dust. Woollen was never worn next the skin, and fashion imposed a rule that the weight and quantity of mourning robes should increase with the social status of the wearer.

2982. In what Respects, if any, is Modern Civilisation Superior to that of Augustan Rome?

Roman civilisation was inferior to ours in two important elements—the scientific and the moral. Physical science in its more advanced developments is a modern creation, and it has brought with it numerous conveniences that tend to refine and expand our lives. Without steam, electricity, and chemical force, the Romans were narrowed down to a very limited existence. But their civilisation was mainly deficient in moral energy. The old religion had died out amongst the cultured classes. Even where it retained its influence in any degree, it was powerless to elevate and purify, for the ideals it presented for imitation—the gods who occupied its temples—were themselves destitute of moral character. The patriotism which had been almost a religion to the ancient Romans had died out. The social spirit—the inspiration of the modern leaders of men—hardly existed amongst a people who had ceased to be a nation, and existed only as a ruling class. The civilisation of Imperial Rome, based on personal pleasure, and regardless of moral ideals, quickly fell into decay, and succumbed before barbarous nations which, whatever their defects, were not wanting in moral vigour.

2990. How Old is the Rule of the Road as to Keeping to the Left?

Before the reign of George the Fourth the rules of the road were much more arbitrary than they are at present; but in various Acts passed in the reign of that monarch and his successor, William the Fourth, the laws by which in Great Britain the obligations of carriers are mainly determined, came into force, and thus saved endless confusion and tended to make travelling more secure. Without a doubt the growth of the custom of stage coach travelling led, at any rate, to an unwritten law of the road, so that the progress of the coaches should not be hindered. The unwritten law, however, acquired the force of absolute obligation when, by 1 & 2 Will. IV., Cap. xliii., the driver of a cart or other conveyance is liable to a fine for various acts, among them being one for not keeping to the left or near side of the road in passing, or while being passed by another vehicle.

2983. At what Period did Wigs first Come into Use?

Wigs have been used either to conceal the want of natural hair, or avowedly as mere ornaments. In the former way they have been used from the earliest historical times. The oldest existing specimen of this kind of wig is believed to be one found in the tomb of an Egyptian mummy at Thebes, and now in the British Museum. This, it is considered by the best authorities, is 4,000 years old. The ancient Assyrians, the Persians, the Medes, the Lydians, and others, are known to have made use of wigs. Towards the end of the Roman Republic, the ladies were very fond of wigs, and the fashion spread still more under the Early Empire, when yellow wigs—made of hair obtained in Germany—were in great request. Horace, Ovid, and Juvenal ridiculed the large wigs of the Roman ladies. Statues even were made with movable marble wigs. Two of these are still preserved in Rome. All the wigs so far mentioned seem to have been intended to pass as the real hair of the wearers. The later use of wigs as mere ornaments began in France in the seventeenth century, when Louis XIII., to conceal his premature baldness, took to a wig. His courtiers followed suit, and the fashion spread rapidly. The wig became larger and larger, till under Louis XIV. it reached an absurd size. The fashion spread in England also, being at its height in Queen Anne's reign.

2984. What is the most Signal Example in our History of "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire"?

A notable illustration of the old adage is found in the history of Charles I., particularly in his surrender by the Scotch to the army of Cromwell. After the battle of Naseby, in which the Royalist forces were utterly routed, Charles' position had become desperate. To take refuge among the Scots, with whom the Solemn League and Covenant was supported with the utmost fervour, was a step which could have had little to recommend it to an ardent upholder of the Prelacy and the ecclesiastical polity which Charles favoured. This step, nevertheless, the King took, and the Scots thus held him at their disposal, to the mortification of the Independent army who had lately conquered him. It was not long, however, before the ill-fated Monarch changed hands. The result was to place Charles at the mercy of the fanatics who filled the ranks of the English army, and it is of no great use to discuss whether fanaticism proved itself too strong for political guidance, or whether craft and subtlety employed fanaticism for its own ends. So far as Charles was concerned, he had to yield his life in the presence of thousands of spectators crowded in front of his own banqueting hall.

2986. What is the most Curious Question that has ever been Debated by a Council of State?

Governments frequently have very curious questions brought before them, and few questions could be more so than those, for instance, which deal with the eating habits of the people. Thus, at one time in English history, it was solemnly discussed, and finally determined, as to how many courses of food should be served at dinner. Then there have been occasions when the clothing of the people has been hotly discussed, and proclamations have been issued, setting forth restrictions in this respect. These are seen on consulting the various sumptuary laws of the past centuries. An old Act of Parliament fixes the price of a suit, and of the quality of a woman's "veile or kerchief," the basis being that of one's yearly income. Edward the Fourth's Council of State had before it the grave question of the use of bolsters and wadding, and ultimately a law forbade the use of bolsters by yeomen, and so on with all ranks, the idea before the king and his ministers being, to save the people from the temptation of squandering their money. The Chamber of Deputies in France recently received a petition against wearing the corset as injurious to the health of the female part of the population, and the Chamber gravely considered the matter in Committee, while the Anti-High Hat Bill recently passed in Cincinnati is to be followed by one penalising men who are afflicted at theatres with a chronic thirst and others who indulge in the custom of tobacco chewing.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at the rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3011. Which kind of musical instrument is it most injurious to health to play?

3012. Which animal pursues the most curious vagaries when "at play?"

3013. When and in what country was the first detective force organised?

3014. What would have been the probable course of history if James the Second had remained a Protestant?

3015. Would the language spoken by the people in the reign of Edward I. be intelligible at the present day?

3016. Which is the most striking example of a study becoming obsolete?

3017. Which is the most remarkable instance of chivalric self restraint recorded of an English sovereign?

3018. At which period in our history have the greatest number of commodities been subjected to excise duty?

3019. The greater the subject's power of resistance, the severer the fever. How is this explained?

3020. Which trade has had the most romantic incidents attached to its history?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

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—"What's that you say?" said the beauteous maiden, winking at the crowd. "Don't speak *solo*."—

JEALOUSY.

SHE's coming in a little while,
She tells me when I call;
She can't come now—I can but smile—
For Dolly's had a fall;
And Dolly can't be left, you know,
Because she's apt to cry,
Which wouldn't do, of course, and so
She's coming by-and-bye.

She's very, very busy now,
And I will have to wait,
She says with pretty, wrinkled brow,
Because it's getting late;
And really she will have no time—
She shakes her curly head
With such solemnity it seems sublime—
Till Dolly goes to bed.

Another time I call to her,
But still she's not impressed,
And poutingly she does demur,
For Dolly must be dressed;
Sweet Dolly is her foremost thought,
And there is little doubt
The Dolly that I blindly bought
Has really "cut me out."

A PUBLIC PURIFIER.

"MY friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done ought to make the community in which you live, the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts?"

"No; I clean carpets."

THE LARGEST FAMILIES IN THE WORLD.

THE command to multiply and replenish the earth is better obeyed by the French Canadians than by any other people on the face of the globe.

Families of fifteen to eighteen are quite common, the children of one husband and one wife, and there are some even larger than this. When the Province went under English rule, about a century and a half ago, the French population was seventy thousand.

It is now more than twelve hundred thousand, besides at least five hundred thousand more who have found homes in the States and in the western parts of the British American possessions.

A LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

PROFESSOR IN JOURNALISM: "If you were called upon to report a dog fight what would be your governing consideration?"

Class: "To increase the sporting circulation without driving away the religious readers."

Professor: "How is this to be accomplished?"

Class: "By deploring the brutality of the exhibition and then describing it."

Professor: "What destroys barns?"

Class: "The fire-fiend."

Professor: "What did the scene do?"

Class: "Beggared description."

Professor: "That will do for to-day. To-morrow you may prepare yourselves for examination on 'baffling investigation.'"

CURIOUS ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

THERE are certainly not more risks of neck-breaking in mountaineering proper than in the pursuit of other athletic sports. When we speak of "mountaineering proper," let us be understood to mean mountaineering which is prosecuted under the ordinary and palpable "rules of the game," which are so definite and distinct as in the case of any other "game" that we can mention. Many "dangers" in the Alps, so called, are merely imaginary, whereas some of the real dangers (that arising, for instance, from falling stones) are not realised sufficiently, or perhaps not at all.

Among Alpine accidents one of the most awkward is that which occurs when a portion of the party disappears on one side of a ridge, while the other portion of it remains behind. This species of Alpine adventure is not only excessively disagreeable on account of the length of time that is expended in extricating oneself from it, but may end fatally to all the party.

The most thrilling accident of this sort that has ever occurred in the Alps is that which happened on September 6th, 1877, to a party composed of Mr. W. A. Lewis, Mr. H. N. Patterson, with Niklaus, Johann, and Peter Joseph Knubel, who were ascending the Lyskamm by the terribly sharp Lys Joch (Eastern) *arête*, when the whole party fell headlong on to the Italian side of the ridge and were all lost.

They were walking on the cornice overhanging to the south, which gave way with a mighty crash; Peter Joseph Knubel was the last to be carried down; and, as was evidenced by the fact that his body was well-nigh cut in half by the tightening rope round his waist, he did his utmost by throwing himself on to the northern side of the ridge to stay the fall of the rest of the party.

The weight, however, of the remaining four was so great, and the slope upon the side of the mountain upon which the cornice broke away was so steep, that the poor, brave fellow was merely pulled up to the crest of the *arête* to be drawn headlong downwards on the other side, more than 1,200 feet! with the remainder of his unfortunate companions.

The bodies of the three Knubels who were killed on this occasion lie buried in the churchyard at St. Nicholas; and, in some of its incidents, this is the most terrible of all the Alpine accidents that have ever occurred.

Another most awkward accident of this class, though happily not fatal in its results, occurred in the Engadine. In the year 1878 a party, of which old Hans Grase was a member, were descending westwards along the crest of the Piz Palu, when the leading guide fell down the slope of the northern side, and three of the party of four were dangling on the rope, old Hans alone remaining on the ridge. He managed to hold the three (one of whom was a lady), but it was not until the end of three-quarters of an hour that the last of the party was handed again on the ridge. A few years later Hans showed me a silver drinking-cup and a handsome new ice-axe, given him as souvenirs of his gallant prowess on this most critical occasion.

HER PAST.

SHE had admired the men, and though the years had come and gone, and she was still Miss Brown, her admiration had not abated. On the contrary, it had increased. She was of the modern woman school, too, or at least wanted people to think so, and as for herself, she thought she was intensely interesting.

To young Mr. Jones she had been lately addressing herself, and young Mr. Jones didn't like it a bit. In fact, young Mr. Jones usually fled when she appeared, but on this occasion she had taken him unawares, and was now holding him in her thrall in a snug alcove in the conservatory.

Just beyond them sat a pretty girl to whom young Mr. Jones was devoted, and he longed to get over to her and oust the vapid youth who, young Mr. Jones was sure, was making desperate love to her. But Miss Brown held on like a leech.

"Do you know, Mr. Jones," she was saying in her most intense fashion, "that the modern woman is an ideal to me?"

"No, really, I don't know," confessed Mr. Jones, much against his will.

"But it is true," she continued; "and oh, Mr. Jones, some of the women we read of in books, see on the stage, and hear of in daily life appeal so strangely to me!"

"Yes?" said Mr. Jones, with a rising inflection.

"Indeed, yes," she responded. Then with a deep earnestness she turned to him:

"Did you know, Mr. Jones," she whispered almost tragically, "that I am a woman with a past?"

Young Mr. Jones was absorbed in watching the pretty girl and the aforesaid youth.

"Well," he replied in an absent-minded sort of way, "most women who have lived forty years weren't born yesterday, don't you know!"

Later in the evening young Mr. Jones told the pretty girl how it happened that Miss Brown would for ever thereafter be to him only a stranger.

THERE is a man in Brixton who has such a hatred for anything like monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

FATHER: "I wonder what makes that dog afraid of me? He always behaves as if he thought I was going to kill him."

Son: "I expect he's seen you whipping me."

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.—Visitor: "Who do you take after, Bobby, your papa or mamma?"

Bobby: "That depends. When Aunt Jane is here ma says I take after her folks, and when Uncle Jones is here ma says I'm a regular Jones. They're both r-r-rich."

THE eminent physician was irritable. Calling the porter, he said: "Who is it that keeps singing 'I would not live always'?"

"It's the lady in the apartment above, sir."

"Well, tell her that as a professional man I am prepared to assure her that she won't, and that there is consequently no cause for further agitation on her part."

GIRL BULL-FIGHTERS.

SPAIN'S COLLECTION OF HANDSOME YOUNG AMAZONS.

WHEN the people of Barcelona fired the whole world with talk of war between Spain and the United States by mobbing the American Consulate in that city and dragging the Stars and Stripes in the dust, they had just come from a bull fight. The ferocious sport had excited their fiery natures to the point of frenzy, and they were ready for any extravagant act to relieve their surplus excitement. If there had been no bull fight that day, Spain might not ever have fitted up privateers to prey upon American commerce, or spent money which it can ill afford to use.

The Barcelona bull fight is quite different from the same kind of sport in other Spanish cities for it is there that the woman bull-fighter is born and bred, and makes her introductory killing before an admiring audience. Some of the aristocracy of the old *régime* deplore the existence of the woman bull-fighter, but the middle classes adore her, and every year makes an increase in the ranks of the feminine matador.

In the old days the bull-fighter was a gentleman of the bluest blood, who rode into the ring on an Arabian charger, decked with almost his weight in gold. It was a great accomplishment in those times, and the young gentleman who ranked as the cleverest bull-fighter was a man of vast social distinction. He did not fight in the manner of to-day. He carried a simple javelin four feet long, and slew the bull unaided with his own hands, at the same time putting his spirited mount through a series of intricate evolutions, to show off the paces of the animal and his own horsemanship.

He was supplanted by the bull-fighters who entered the arena for hire. These men at first took more desperate chances than the others, and, moreover, rode poor, broken-down horses, which were so slow and nerveless that they could not avoid the cumbersome charges of the enraged bull.

The next step in the degeneracy of the bull ring, according to Spanish authorities, came with the appearance of the woman fighter. From the ranks of Barcelona mill hands, girls of suitable physique, handsome in face, and sufficient in courage, are not difficult to select.

As mill hands they are virtually slaves, earning only enough to keep body and soul together. As bull-fighters they are the idols of the people, the recipients of showers of adulation, with fine clothes and plenty of money to spend.

It is almost needless to say that the most popular of these Amazons are the prettiest and shapeliest. They wear the same garb as the men bull-fighters, and they ride the horse astride. If they rode with the side-saddle it would be a most dangerous proceeding, for a firm seat is essential to safety of life and limb.

In the ring at some little distance it is quite impossible to distinguish the sexes. The girls are as tall as the men, and almost as heavily built. There is nothing feminine about them either when the fight begins.

On the day set apart for the women bull-fighters there are women only in the ring. The picadors ride in on equine wrecks garbed in the costume of the Spanish knights of the middle ages. These women look very handsome, and ride with considerable grace. Following the picadors are the chulos on foot, who wear wonderful cloaks, and enough ribbon to stock a small shop. They group themselves so that the swirling mass of variegated colours will aggravate the bull. After a short pause in comes the matador with a naked sword in her hand. She, of course, is the queen of the day. The right hand holds the sword, and in the left she carries the muleta—a slender stick with a bit of scarlet silk attached. The picadors take up a position in the centre of the ring with their long lances held firmly.

Then the bull is driven in. This is a critical moment. The experienced ones in a moment can tell if the bull is a natural fighter, or whether he is peaceably inclined. If the former, they know that they will get their money's worth in blood. If the latter, they have their doubts. The best fighting bulls are supplied by the Duke of Veragua, the descendant of Christopher Columbus. The Duke's income is supplied by this business.

If the bull is quiet and shows no disposition to attack at once, the picadors ride round him, prodding him where they can with their long lances. The chulos excite him by the flashing of their gorgeous colours. It is not in the bull's nature to stand this for any length of time, and soon he begins to charge right and left. Horses are bowled over and gored. When the bull has been worked into a perfect frenzy, the matador prepares for her dainty task.

To kill him at one blow is considered bad form, although it is most difficult. The popular matador sticks him here and there until he streams blood in a score of places. When he is at his wildest, the matador, by a few deft steps works to his left side, and at the proper instant stands up on her little toes to her full height, and with a downward thrust of the sword sinks it to the hilt immediately behind the shoulder-blade. If the aim be true, the sword-blade cuts the heart in two, and the bull drops dead at the victor's feet. This is considered a great performance, and the lucky matador who accomplishes it the first time is caught in a shower of jewels, coins, and flowers from all sides of the arena.

The cleverest women bull-fighters in Spain to-day are Providencia Almeda and Maria Alvarado. They are great rivals, and each has an immense following.

—"I said *drum*, and you know it," replied the stranger, blowing his nose like a *trumpet*. "Do you take me for a *flat*?"—

NEW AND STRANGE.

A USEFUL bicycle accessory is a little platform mounted on springs, to be fastened in front of the machine. For carrying a camera, or anything else for the matter of that, it is in all respects admirable.

A GERMAN naval captain has invented a new lifebuoy. It consists of a large cork ring, capable of floating three persons, and provided with a kind of net, which offers a support to the feet. Its principal feature, however, is that it is fitted with an electric light and a small supply of provisions.

To those of my readers who have a mind to invent, without a knowledge of what is required, I would recommend a little pamphlet, entitled, "What to Invent," which is issued by Messrs. Rayner and Co., of 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., and the cost of which is two shillings and sixpence.

MESSRS. HITCHIN AND WYNN, the well-known baby-carriage makers, have forwarded to me particulars of a musical perambulator which they have recently sent to one of the native Indian princes. As the wheels go round, this perambulator will play all kinds of British airs, and thus the infant will be early initiated into the enjoyments of good music, and the patriotism which will best become him.

A DECIDEDLY clever invention has been brought to my notice by Mr. G. Vincent, of 16, Glenville Grove, Mornington Road, New Cross. This is patented under the name of "The Reversible Sliding Window," and with no little ingenuity it is so arranged that the sashes can be brought into every conceivable position. In rainy weather, for instance, the upper and lower sashes may both be made to slant outwards and downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, thus permitting an endless amount of fresh air to enter, while the rain drips off as from a roof. There is also this peculiar merit, that the entire window can be cleaned from the inside.

DURING the past winter several trials have been given to horseless sleighs. In many cases the results have been satisfactory. The sleigh most approved of was provided between the runners with a pair of spurred wheels which could be regulated to operate with equal facility on soft snow as on ice. Another was constructed in the shape of a boat, thus providing against the possibility of the ice breaking, in which case the sleigh would float, while the ice-spurs would be called into requisition to paddle the affair to shore. One patent was for a sleigh that could be rowed across the ice with oars heavily weighted at the end and provided with sharp steel points to grip the ice. With this a high speed was attainable but at the expense of considerable exhaustion on the part of the sculler.

IT is a peculiarity of soap that it is slippery. It also has a way of flying into all sorts of out-of-the-way corners of the room. To chain it to the washstand is, therefore, an admirable notion. There are suspenders for socks, and, therefore, why not suspenders for soap? It is certainly rather a formidable looking apparatus. Anyone who did not know what it was might think it was a man-trap, or something like that, baited with soap. A wooden shield is fastened above the washstand. From this there juts out a spiral spring, to the end of which is fastened a chain, and to the end of the chain the soap. In using, the soap is taken in the hand in the usual way, the spring allowing it to dip nine or ten inches in any direction. On being released it rises automatically out of the water, giving you an unexpected hit in the face in doing so if possible. The inventors are Messrs. Wiseman, Hill, and Co., Philharmonic Chambers, Above Bar, Southampton.

LAMP explosions are usually caused by the natural consumption of oil leaving a space in which a highly dangerous mixture of oil-gas, and air accumulates. This danger has been obliterated in a new device called, with more lucidity than brevity, the "hydro" non-explosive, hygienic, safety oil and water lamp. Imagine a metal lamp constructed on the principle of an ordinary mineral water siphon, with a magnified central tube. The oil is first poured in, and then the water, which, passing through the oil, fills the outer chamber, and, as the oil is consumed by the flame, flows down and takes its place. The water passing through the oil has cleansed it, increasing the illuminating power by twenty-five per cent. Should the lamp be overturned, the order of things is instantaneously reversed—the oil flows away from the wick, and the water takes its place. You may throw this lamp about, and still it does not explode. The price ranges from 1s. to £5, and the makers are the Hygienic Heating and Lighting Co., of 13, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

ALTHOUGH singularly fortunate as a commander, Lord Wolseley has been wounded in almost every action in which he has fought.

THE widowed Queen of Naples is the only lady Knight of the Russian Order of St. George, an honour conferred solely for exceptional gallantry under fire.

COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, head of the Criminal Investigation Department in Scotland Yard, boasts that he can tell a man's business by the way he uses the door knocker.

MR. BALFOUR recommends golf as the best influenza specific, and has been vainly trying to impress this view upon Mr. Chamberlain, who—perverse man!—is never ill, never takes any kind of exercise, and glories equally in both facts.

AT the present moment the Tsar of Russia is perhaps the most discontented man in the world. The cares and dangers of his present position fret him greatly, and, added to his usual burdens, are the countless annoyances connected with his approaching coronation. He has a fairly well balanced disposition, but has grown thin, testy, and touchy of late.

SARAH BERNHARDT claims that the wearing of diamonds destroys the best expression of the face, dims the fire of the eyes, and makes the teeth look like chalk. Her fad, however, is for costly gowns, the last magnificent acquisition being trimmed with turquoises, and the train lined with the skins of two hundred ermines. It is valued at one thousand three hundred pounds.

QUEEN HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM, in spite of her snow-white hair and her rank of a grandmother, still finds amusement in circus riding. She delights in leaping her horse through burning hoops, and over flaming hedges, and besides having jumped a pet horse over a dinner table covered with flowers and lighted candles, she has, standing on the back of one horse, driven a team of twenty-four in hand. The Queen is also one of the cleverest conjurors of the present day.

IN Fleet Street upon a day you may see a man about thirty come slowly along, peering with short-sighted vision into shop-windows with an abstracted air. He wears a long, black frock coat, and his raven curls are surmounted by a curious, soft, black hat, which seems to have as many shapes as a chameleon has hues. This is Zangwill, the author. He generally carries some manuscript under his arm, is slightly round-shouldered, thin, without a particle of colour, stoops a little, and scorns an umbrella in any weather.

IN the English peerage there is one lady, and one lady alone, who is tatooed, and this is Lady Randolph Churchill. The operation was performed when she was travelling in India many years ago. Her interest having been aroused while watching a British sailor having his arm decorated, forthwith she sent for the operator, and asked for some design. He suggested the symbol of eternity, a snake holding its tail in its mouth. Pleased with this, Lady Churchill determined to have it executed on her arm, and the result was a wonderfully well-drawn snake coiled just above the wrist. As a rule, a broad gold band conceals this ornamentation from the public gaze.

THE Archduchess Maria Therèse of Austria is probably one of the strongest women in the world, and she is earning fame by feats of muscular strength that savour somewhat of the variety show. Two years ago she was losing the elegance and elasticity of her figure, and embarked in a course of calisthenics. She speedily acquired a remarkable proficiency with Indian clubs and dumb-bells, and went to such extremes as punching the bag, wrestling, and putting the hammer. To such an extent has she now developed that she can raise a full-grown man from the ground with one hand, and hold him aloft on her extended arm for several seconds. In many other ways she is a notable woman. She once covered 100 miles on horseback without a single stoppage. She has made several remarkable ascents of the Austrian and Swiss mountains, and besides excelling in these manly pursuits, she paints beautifully, sculptures well, and writes with great lucidity.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, journalist and poet, has a memory almost as marvellous as that of Macauley. Some little time before Walt Whitman's death Sir Edwin and a guest chanced to be staying with the famous poet. "We had a very pleasant chat," says this friend, "and as we rose to go Walt Whitman presented to Sir Edwin and to me a volume of his 'Leaves of Grass' that had just been republished. I opened the volume, which you know is of several pages, and commenced reading aloud a random line. Sir Edwin stopped me. 'Let me go on from there,' said he, and he took up the line, and without a moment's hesitation, without a break, and without a single error, he recited the whole poem. 'Try me anywhere,' said Sir Edwin. I did so, and not once, no matter how obscure the poem, did he fail to give every line of it correctly, I wonderingly following him with the book before me. 'That is the way I know your poems,' said Sir Edwin to Walt Whitman, when he had finished the test."

CRICKET NOTES.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN, who performed the prodigious feat of compiling an innings of 424 for Lancashire last year, is not likely to play regularly for his county until the latter end of the summer. Mr. Maclaren occupies a mastership at a preparatory school at Harrow.

COLONIAL tours are evidently remunerative speculations. It is stated that Harry, who was originally chosen as one of the present Australian team, but who had to stand down on account of an injury, received close upon £200 as compensation for not coming to England.

THE name of Ferris will not be found in the list of Gloucestershire cricketers this season. A comparative failure in this country, the left-handed bowler has quitted Bristol, where I fancy he was engaged in a bank, for good, and is now in Australia. When Ferris decided to remain in England he was at the zenith of his fame, and yet as soon as he settled down to play for Gloucester, his bowling seemed to lose all its old sting.

IT is not a little singular that Australians who do well when playing for Colonial teams in this country, almost invariably deteriorate in their play when they become members of English elevens. Ferris is a notable case in point. W. L. Murdoch is another. The mighty Massie, who came over here last season, appeared to have completely lost his power of tapping balls on to the roof of the public house at Lord's. Spofforth, again, did little enough in all conscience when he took up his residence in Derbyshire.

THE member of the present Australian team who will probably attract most attention is F. A. Iredale. Against Mr. Stoddart's combination Iredale had the fine average of 49·1, scoring 540 runs in thirteen innings, two of which were uncompleted. Iredale, who is accompanied by his better-half—the wives of members of the team are not to be permitted to tour with the players through the country—hails from New South Wales, and is the son of a rich squatter "down under."

THE old farce of playing Colts' matches at the beginning of the season is being repeated again. Notts set the ball rolling by turning out an inglorious twenty-two to oppose the county cracks. It is needless to say that no talent was unearthed; and precious little was revealed by the county eleven itself. Year after year it is pointed out that Colts' matches in the early part of the season are absolutely no criterion as regards form, and yet a certain amount of importance is still attached to them by the denser portion of the authorities that be.

As a fact, Colts' matches, in the matter of amateurs at all events, are sometimes responsible for much injury. Mudlarking has not yet become a fashionable pastime, and the young player who is turned out to do his best on a sloshy wicket at the beginning of May may well be pardoned if he throws up the whole business in disgust. No test match should really be played before the end of May; but better still the ancient farce should be abolished and a new series of second eleven contests established instead. One secret of Surrey's success is her second eleven engagements and the great attention bestowed on all promising young cricketers within the county borders.

THOMAS HAYWARD, one of the mainstays of Surrey, is not a Surrey man by birth. The credit of bringing up this fine batsman belongs to Cambridge, and to the Young Men's Christian Association Club of that town in particular, for it was with this club that he was associated during his earlier years. Hayward first played for Surrey in 1893, and scored a century in his second match. Of all the Surrey batsmen his style is perhaps the most correct, as it is certainly the most taking. Hereditary talent is well exemplified in this instance, for the Surrey batsman is a nephew of Thomas Hayward, one of the greatest cricketers of his time.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.21 p.m. on Saturday, May 2nd, and 8.33 p.m. on May 9th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, May 9th, 1896.

—"Who are you, anyway?" inquired the girl, surveying *hymn* curiously. "Where do you come from—Cape *Horn*?"—

ARMY NOTES.

No. 29.

Improved Barrack-rooms. "As cheerless as a barrack-room" is an apt description, in a very few words, of one of the most unhomelike places it is possible to conceive. On first entering upon his new career there is nothing (so my experience goes) which so thoroughly disheartens a young fellow as the chilliness and absolute lack of comfort about the place in which he will for the future have to spend a considerable portion of his time whilst in the army. After a while a certain amount of the first feeling of revulsion no doubt wears off, but at best an ordinary barrack-room is not an inviting place to stay in unless obliged to, and it is the desire to be anywhere out of it that so often leads young soldiers into frequenting the canteen and public-houses more than is good for them.

Such being the case, I was glad to see the subject recently referred to in Parliament by Lieut.-Col. Webley, and still more so to note that the Under-Secretary for War, Mr. Brodrick, stated, in reply, that the question of making barrack-rooms more habitable than at present is receiving the attention it deserves from the authorities.

Ill-fitting Uniform. "AN EX-MASTER TAILOR," commenting on remarks I have recently made on this subject, writes: "It is not the fault of the military tailors that soldiers' uniform is so often far from what it should be, but of the lack of uniformity which prevails in the service, one commanding officer inclining to one particular style and fit, and another something totally different; a state of things which makes it very unpleasant for poor 'snip.' What is required," he goes on to say, "is for a properly qualified man from the Royal Army Clothing Factory in London, to periodically examine the uniforms of the men in the various regiments, in the same way as a viewer does the arms and accoutrements, and see that they are all as they should be, of 'regulation' pattern; failing which the cost of alteration should be defrayed by the officers commanding."

An excellent suggestion, I take it, and if acted upon much grumbling and dissatisfaction as to tight ill-fitting clothing would be speedily removed.

Curious Military Addresses. I AM indebted to the ARMY SERVICE CORPS JOURNAL for some amusing instances of the way in which the ingenuity of postmen in military centres like Aldershot, must often be sorely taxed to deliver missives intrusted to them; from a number of curiously addressed communications I give the following as examples: "To the Officer at the Barracks in Ordershot"; "The Collen of the Barracks"; "To Ex-Officer Composery Corps, Aldershot"; "The Sergeant, Barracks, Aldershot"; and, finally, "William McGuire, British Army, England." There are probably not a very large number of William McGuire's serving in the British Army, England, at the present time, and as I note, the assistance of the War Office authorities has in this case been invoked, the proper recipient will doubtless be found—in time—but there is a decided doubt I think as to the other letters ever reaching their respective destinations, unless they make a round of the whole camp.

The Chin Expedition of 1888-89. IN these go-ahead days what happened six or seven years ago is apt to be classed as forgotten and done with, but the fact of a gratuity having been given to the men who served in the recent Ashanti campaign has resulted in a protest being put forward in a letter I have received from "Tommy Atkins," who, he tells me, served in the Chin expedition of 1888-89, and, in company with other men engaged therein, was subsequently put to a good deal of expense for new clothing, etc., and never received any compensatory remuneration, or the much coveted distinction of a medal, anent which there was, he tells me, a song much in vogue in certain regiments at the time, the refrain of which ran as follows:

> There is one thing more o settle—
> Shall we ever get a medal
> For fighting in the Chindwin Hills?

An Instructional Moving Target. I HAVE been asked to make mention of this invention, brought out by Company Sergt.-Major Donald, which has, I am informed, been tried and approved by the military authorities at the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, and elsewhere.

It is claimed that by its use the instruction received by artillery on a sea-front in laying on a moving target, can be equally well given in a drill shed, either by day or night; and that the necessary calculations can be made equally well and explained to those intended to receive instruction as to the point of impact; or, in other words, that portion of a ship which would be struck by a projectile fired from a gun in actual warfare, and that the proper laying of a gun can be accurately tested by its use.

To anyone interested in the subject I shall be pleased to give the inventor's name and address upon application, and he will be willing to give more details than I can do in the space at my disposal in these notes.

A Long Service Record. IN the long service days a soldier often served considerably over the allotted period of twenty-one years, taking "boy" service into consideration, but the 9th Ghoorka Rifles have, I should imagine, established a record in this respect, seeing that a member of the corps, Ram Kishan, not only served in it for more than forty-five years, but his father before him "put in" (to use a service expression) fifty-two years. Ninety-seven years for father and son would take a lot of beating in these hurry scurry days of soldiering.

A London Military Swimming Club. To the Grenadier Guards belongs the credit of being the first regiment in the metropolis to establish a swimming club of its own, and since January I understand over 200 men of the 1st Battalion have been taught to swim at the St. George's Baths, the club's headquarters. Emboldened by the proficiency of some of its members, the club, in conjunction with their friends of the Otter Swimming Club, recently gave an excellent entertainment, amongst the competitions being an officers' handicap, a sergeants', and a novices' handicap, a battalion race, and a life-saving demonstration; in addition to which there was a fine display of diving and trick swimming, the proceedings terminating with a polo match between the Otters and the Richmond Swimming Club.

Lord Wolseley and Lord Methuen (to whose energy the success of the club is mainly due) were present during the entertainment, as well as many other officers. The Commander-in-Chief expressed a hope that other regiments of the Brigade of Guards would follow the example set by the Grenadiers, and, having dwelt upon the advantage to a soldier of being able to swim, wound up by expressing a hope that ere long "The Guards" would enjoy as good a reputation for swimming as they at present do for marching.

How to Set about Enlisting. THIS is a question on which my advice is asked with pertinacious regularity week after week by young fellows, who do not seem to have the faintest idea as to what pay a soldier receives, or what terms of service he may enlist for. I invariably reply, giving advice to the best of my ability; but it may be worth repeating that, on application at any post-office in the United Kingdom, there can be obtained a small pamphlet, entitled "Recruiting," setting forth the advantages of the army, and "Conditions on which young men are invited to join Her Majesty's Regular Forces."

(*"Photo Facts" next week.*)

A JEWISH WEDDING.

A JEWISH wedding is an interesting ceremony.

The marriage itself takes place in the reading-desk, which is decorated for the occasion. It is covered by the "chuppah," or marriage baldachino, which consists of four slender posts supporting a cover of richly-figured silk with massive satin fringes. On every side, except the eastern, is an arch of flowers. The ushers are in black frock coats and the men wear their hats.

The Psalm of Thanksgiving is chanted in Hebrew by the assistant reader of the congregation, to which responses are made by a trained choir in the gallery. Then the bridal procession enters the door, and the ministers, chief among whom is the father of the groom, descend from the platform to meet them. Returning to their places within the chuppah, they are followed by the bridegroom supporting his mother on his arm. After him comes the bride and her family and little children bearing baskets of flowers.

After the ritual is read, the first cup of consecrated wine is taken by the bride and bridegroom, while the officiating rabbi delivers a long address in English, in which Hebrew quotations are freely mixed, setting forth with great precision the wifely and husbandly duties. He then takes a glass of wine in his hand and pronounces the seven prescribed benedictions, the bride and bridegroom afterwards tasting the wine.

The groom then places the wedding-ring—rich in symbolical meaning—upon the finger of his bride, with the words: "Behold, thou art consecrated unto me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel."

Now comes an interesting performance on the part of the newly-wedded husband. The goblet out of which he and his wife have drunk is placed on the floor, and with a mighty stamp he crushes it into a thousand fragments, with a force which speaks eloquently of his resolve to put his foot on all evils that may enter the family circle until death shall shatter it.

The wedding is now over, and all that remains to be done is to kiss the bride and eat the marriage feast.

WHY RATS GNAW CONTINUALLY.

HAVE you any idea why it is that rats, mice, and squirrels are continually gnawing at something? They do not do this out of "pure mischief," as people generally imagine, but because they are forced to.

Animals of that class, especially the rats, have teeth which continue to grow so long as the owner lives. In the human species the teeth are developed from pulps, which are absorbed and disappear so soon as the second set are full grown, but in the case of the much maligned rat the pulp supply is perpetual, and is continually secreting materials by which the incisors gain in length.

This being the case, the poor creature is obliged to continue his regular gnawing operation in order to keep his teeth ground off to a proper length.

FRIENDS AT LAST.

NOWHERE are acquaintances so readily made as at sea. At the end of a day, two sympathetic acquaintances may know each other for genuine comrades, and in a week they possibly indulge in the intercourse of life-long friends.

It is related that two substantial City men who had met on shipboard, formed an acquaintance there which lasted through many meetings on the same route of travel. Finally, one of them mentioned the name of the street where he lived when at home.

"What number?" asked the other eagerly.

"Fifty-four."

"Then you're my next-door neighbour but one, for my house is fifty-eight."

Like true Londoners, they had lived up to the common rule: "Shun your neighbour as you would a plague."

THE PAY OF THE IMMORTALS.

THE French Academy has occupied lately more than its fair share of public attention, but a word or two about its financial aspect may interest those who fail to appreciate the literary rivalries that the arm-chairs of the Mazarin Palace from time to time provoke.

It may not be generally known in England that each of the Immortals draws a salary of £50 per annum. This amount was fixed just about a century ago by the Council of Five Hundred, under the Directory, and is almost the only claim of the kind still recognised by the State.

However, this modest revenue is subject to a deduction of £12, part of which goes to form a fund from which an addition of £40 is made to the yearly stipend of the seven or eight senior members. This modest increment is generally refused by the more prosperous Academicians, but Victor Hugo, though the wealthiest by far of all the purely literary associates, deigned to pocket the emolument to his dying day.

The total income of the Institute is rather in excess of £20,000, which amount is divided among the five sections in such proportions as to give the Academy about £5,000 a year. But the revenue will be vastly increased when the Duc d'Aumale dies, and the estate of Chantilly, with its priceless art treasures, passes into the hands of the Institute, as trustee for the nation.

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Signature _____

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, May 1st, 1896, until Midnight Saturday, May 9th, 1896. (See column 3, page 715.)

—"*Hold* on!" was the *response*. "Give me a *chants* and I'll tell you, for your question is a *natural* one. My name is *Ben Legato*. I am *forte* years of age, and I hail from *Fife*. As you may have guessed from the *pitch* on my *close*, I am a sailor."—

FORTUNES THAT ARE THROWN AWAY.

A GREAT scientist has announced that "dirt is only matter in a wrong place," and a short consideration of that somewhat disconcerting statement may perhaps prove the scientist to have hit the mark fairly in the bull's-eye.

As the world grows older and men's experience ripens, new uses are discovered for the commonest things, and the truth is brought home that Nature can never allow that any substance can become useless, no matter how trivial it may seem, or how apparently harmful its functions.

As a proof that the scientist is right in this statement, it is but necessary to take the history of manufactures. What we have been accustomed to-day to consider refuse merely fit to be destroyed with all expediency, we may learn to-morrow to have a function and a use, the like of which we in our ignorance had not so much as dreamt of.

Let us take an instance of this: such an one is an old piece of rag, a piece perhaps which the poorest beggar would pass by with contempt, and which no gentleman or lady would touch with a pair of tongs.

To-morrow, maybe, my lord is pouring out his soul to my lady through the instrumentality of that despised morsel of refuse, rag no longer, but fair white paper, fit only for the highest in the land to write upon.

And, as we know that paper is made from rags, we need feel no surprise when we learn that ink is made chiefly from the broken hoops of old beer barrels, while the parings from horses' hoofs, the chips that fly from the travelling tinker's bench, and rags that are absolutely irreclaimable go to make the lovely blue dye which enhances the beauteous texture of dresses worn by ladies of the Court of St. James's and elsewhere.

Look at that dainty lady lolling languorously on her gorgeous couch. She takes out her silver-topped scent-bottle, and luxuriously inhales the delicate perfume of the scent, assuredly such an odour was distilled only from the fairest and rarest of exotics?

The wastings of coal-gas and the dirt of the street, supply that delightful smell, while the same materials are used to flavour blanc-manges and puddings such as epicures love.

Of course, some, indeed many perfumes are extracted from flowers. But far more are made of such abomination as fusel-oil, rancid butter, oil of vitriol, and the like.

Not many years ago a problem which caused much trouble was as to how gas-tar, that most inconvenient of waste matters, could be most effectually destroyed. It could not be thrown into rivers, on account of its polluting influence, neither could it be buried in the earth, because vegetation died around its grave. Burning it was the only thing to do.

And now what an invaluable ingredient in commerce is the once despised gas-tar. Here are a few of its uses: In the preparation of dye stuffs it is almost indispensable, red, blue, and purple being the colours which can be made equally well from it, while aniline, a product that exists naturally in coal-tar, has become a most prolific source of colouring matter. Saccharin, a substance 300 times sweeter than sugar, and a valuable medicinal property, is made almost entirely from gas-tar, while coal-tar soap and tar-water are now household words. These are but a few of the uses of the formerly hated gas-tar.

Of all the dumb creation, there is probably no more noxious animal than the rat. Vermin he is undoubtedly, a pariah among all. And yet in Paris they have shown

B the world how to utilise the rat. Some of his bones are made into phosphorous—the chief
C ingredient in a common lucifer match—his fur is valuable, and demands an easy sale, while his
F skin is strong and pliable, and makes a famous glove. Nor is that his only use. His tendons
A and bones are also capable of being boiled down to make that gelatinous substance which we
P connect so inseparably with Christmas crackers and Christmas revelry.

A FRENCH lady who is on her first visit to England, was walking in Kew Gardens the other day. She was, on the whole, much pleased, but was greatly shocked at the notice, which she read at every turn, that "Birds nesting is strictly forbidden."

"How severe and cruel you are in this country," she at last sorrowfully exclaimed, "that even the little birds may not make their nests in your public gardens!"

NO JUDGE.—A late learned and eloquent bishop was very anxious to convert a Parsee who was paying a visit to London, and, meeting him on an occasion favourable for private conversation, he opened an attack upon his peculiar tenets. "I cannot think," said he, "how any man of intelligence and education, whose mind has been enlarged by travel and association with men of different opinions, can worship a created object, such as the sun."

"Oh, my lord bishop," returned the Parsee, who had not been fortunate in the weather since his arrival in this country, "you should see it; you have no idea what a glorious object it is."

HUMAN SKINS AT 4/- AN INCH.

A YOUNG Californian woman makes a living by selling her skin for grafting purposes. A year ago she first contributed a little skin to a friend who was in need of a whole hide, and, finding that she could stand the pain and that her skin was particularly healthy, she determined to profit by it.

She sent a letter to nearly every physician and surgeon in San Francisco and the neighbourhood, calling their attention to the fact that she had healthy skin for sale.

Since then the young lady has had all the orders she could fill at her very reasonable rates. She charges four shillings a square inch, and usually parts with twenty or thirty square inches at a time.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

HE was a squire—"laird" they called him in Scotland—and he had been paying a visit to a neighbour. The guests, on leaving, found a row of servants in the hall, and duly fell in with their silent demand.

One of the visitors, who knew the squire's avarice, waited for him just to see the look of severity arise on his face, and the answering looks of contempt from the servants as he passed each serving man and maid. But the laird came smiling on. With extended hand he touched each ready palm, and sent a smile like flitting sunshine all along the line.

Our astonished spectator speedily sought an explanation, saying: "You must have been very free with your money to please them so well."

"Not I," said the laird. "I just tickled their loof." With his nimble finger he had titilated each hollowed palm, and so produced that empty smile.

THE EGYPTIAN'S DISLIKE FOR WARFARE.

THE ordinary Egyptian is by instinct utterly opposed to military life. The last thing in the world he wants to do is to fight. He hates the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and nothing in his nature is appealed to by the idea of strife and combat.

He is a good-tempered, pleasure-loving man, and for five thousand years his ancestors before him have loathed the clash of steel. Go back as far as you like in Egyptian history and you will never find a trace of the Viking spirit in the inhabitants of the Nile Valley. The successful wars of the Pharaohs were waged by mercenaries, and the papyri show that the military calling was always described as pure evil. The records show little delight in battle, but plenty of picturesque contrasts between the horrible miseries endured by the soldier in the field, and the pleasant, smug life of the civilian tribe.

The spirit of the old Dane who, when he felt death approaching, put on his armour because he would not die like a cow in his house, has no echo in the past or in the present of the true Egyptian.

MISAPPLIED MISSIONARY WORK.

SHE was a thin, narrow, dark-visaged woman with "specs." on, and she carried a package of tractlets, which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the tramcar on which she rode. When only one or two of the pamphlets were left a man got in. He had a big turkey, which he disposed of tenderly on the seat next to him, and a glass flask with a rubber cork stuck boldly out of his coat pocket.

"Heugh!" he exclaimed, smiling vaguely round at the assembled passengers, "cold, ain't it?"

Everybody looked cold disapproval at him, as good, polite Christian people do when spoken to in a public conveyance, all but the woman with the "tracts." She had fished out one, and extended it to him.

"Thankee," he said, receiving it in a brown paw. "Comic almanac, hey?"

"No, sir," said the woman firmly, in a high falsetto voice. "It is to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked forefinger to the glass flask protruding from his breast pocket.

"Oh, I see," said the man, smiling good-humouredly on his sour-visaged *vis-à-vis*; "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink," quoted the woman fiercely.

"He ain't eggsactly my neighbour, eyther," said the man. "You see, it's the new baby, and the wife's a-going to fetch him up by hand, and this bottle's for him, bless his pootsy tootsy. Where's the rigging of it?" and diving into another pocket he fished out some india-rubber tubing.

The woman didn't wait to finish her dissertation on temperance, but got out without asking the driver to stop.

NOW READY.

Pearson's Magazine.

MAY, 1896.

Gates and Pillars of the Empire. *Robert M...*
No. 2.—Glasgow Illustrated.
The Ransom (A Complete Story). *C. J. Cutcliffe H...*
Illustrated by Warwick Goble.
The Gorgeous Palaces of the Tsar. *Mary Spencer W...*
Illustrated with photographs.
Negro Serenade—"I Don't Care." *H. J. Nich...*
Illustrated by S. Nation.
Curiosities of Stained Glass Windows. *Ernest R. Suff...*
Illustrated with drawings and photographs.
The Liar (A Complete Story). *Edwin P...*
Illustrated by E. F. Sherie.
How Our Army is Clothed. *Frank L...*
Illustrated by George Ashton.
Wisdom Let Loose. *W. L. Al...*
Illustrated by Charles May.
The Message (Verse). *May Kendall.*
Illustrated by Anthony Fox.
The Money We Spend on Sport. *J. Mas...*
Illustrated by E. F. Sherie.
The Bravest Deed I ever Saw. *J. M. Le Sage.*
Illustrated by Raymond Potter and C. L. Le Sage.
The Soldiers of the Khedive. *Francis Joh...*
Illustrated with photographs.
Secrets of the Courts of Europe. *Allen Upward.*
No. 5.—"PRINCE CITRON."
Illustrated by Hal Hurst, R.B.A.
In the Public Eye.
Illustrated with photographs.
Gata (A Complete Story). *Cuthbert Barmby.*
Illustrated by Trevor Haddon.
A Peep into Penal Servitude. *George Griffith.*
Illustrated by H. Piffard.
The Shrinking Shoe. *Sir Walter Besant & W. H. Pollock.*
Illustrated by A. Jules Goodman.
The Fresh Air Fund. *Clement Scott.*
Illustrated by S. Nation.
The Editorial Mind.

PAT'S OBJECTION TO THE BICYCLE: "Begorra, while I walk I prefer to have my feet on the ground."

SWELL: "Very sorry, my man. Got no coppers."

Tramp: "Ah, thin! would I be after supposin' that a gintleman of your quality would carry the dirty things."

Gets sixpence.

"MCBORRIL can't get over his old haberdashery manner now that he is a house-builder."

"What has he done now?"

"Sold a man a house the other day, and asked him if he wanted it sent."

HARD LINES.—Husband: "Here they have brought me an account for a ball costume; how is that?"

Wife: "Oh, don't you remember? It is for the green dress I wore last year at the ball where we first met."

Husband: "So-o-o-o, and now I am expected to pay for the net with which I was caught!"

"I DON'T know what you ever saw in me to admire," the fair one remarked demurely.

And he answered: "Oh, well, you know, sweet one, a fellow who is anything doesn't look for mere beauty in a girl; it is——"

And now those two hearts that beat as one are doing separate thumps. He has returned her soiled glove and a lace handkerchief and the prized lock from her fringe. And she has returned him everything except the diamond brooch, which she keeps as a souvenir of their shattered love.

MANY ingenious puzzles have been sent in by our numerous competitors. It is with great pleasure we forward penknives to the following persons:

A. Blakey, c.o. W. Bland, Howden, Yorks.; H. Davy, 93, Balfour Street, East Hull, Yorkshire; H. Murray, Windgap, Kilkenny; J. Adams, 1, Thornhill Road, Barnsbury; J. Mealmaker, 81, Merry's Rows, B'antyre, N.B.; J. Drew, School House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight; D. Davies, Starlink Park, Carmarthen, S. Wales; W. Penny, 9A, Bernard Terrace, North Woolwich; F. Cliffe, 27, Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester; H. Christopher, Hampden Lodge, Filby, nr. Great Yarmouth; S. Dimeline, 6, Greenway Road, Redland, Bristol; H. Taylor, Oak House, Sheepwash, Highampton, North Devon; J. Templeton, 12, Tipnor Street, Stanshaw, Portsmouth; R. Cameron, 7, Richmond Street, Glasgow; R. Large, 6, Silvester Road, East Dulwich; H. Gatley, 51, Cleveland Road, Crumpsall; G. Potts, 91, Union Street, Egremont, Cheshire; P. Davies, 9, High Street, Hitchin; G. Joliffe, 7, High Street, Chepstow; S. Plant, 119, Heaton Lane, Stockport, near Manchester; H. McAndrew, Main Street, Castlebar, co Mayo, Ireland; F. Wheeler, Bandon, co. Cork; T. Jones, 3, Lleyn Street, Pwllhali, N. Wales; A. McMechan, 11, Gosford Street, Belfast; H. Walker, 3, Adam Street, Burnham, Somerset; Miss Newman, 27, Clifton Hill, Brighton; C. Cummings, 21, St. George's Square, Sunderland; C. Walker, 12, Bridport Street, St. Ebbes, Oxford; J. Pace, 120, Cromwell Road, Peterboro'; S. Ellidge, 88, Portland Street, Southport; J. Mander, 48, Fish Street, Banbury; W. Smallman, 23, High Street, Burton-on-Trent; H. Harvey, North Hill, Ipswich; J. Austin, 14, Hampden Street, Bolton; B. Hopkins, 6, Grosvenor Road, Weymouth; L. Munns, 146, Gwydir Street, Cambridge; J. Lyttle, 52, Bentinck Street, Belfast; D. Mackintosh, Accountant's Department, Highland Railway, Inverness, N.B.; W. Sheppard, Sergt.'s Inst., Burnley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire; F. Brown, Home Place, Coldstream-on-Tweed; Mrs. Williams, 25, Beech Grove, Seaforth, Liverpool; G. Haycraft, 63, Aldermanbury, E.C.; Miss Baldock, Tyler Hill, Blean, Canterbury; F. Anderson, 18, Elizabeth Street, Liverpool; E. Stubington, JOURNAL Office, Hereford; J. Woolley, 16, Havelock Street, Kettering; E. Morris, 38, Grove Road, Grays, Essex; W. Lavers, Fortescue Hotel, Mutley, Plymouth; H. Linney, 2, East Park Road, Harrogate; F. Wheeler, 7, Kingsbury Square, Aylesbury, Bucks.

—"Give me a *rest*," said the girl sarcastically. "You think yourself very *sharp*, don't you? You needn't *stop* any longer. Just *turn* round and *march* out."—

NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Final War.

The Story of the Great Betrayal.

BY LOUIS TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST F. SHERIE.

SUMMARY.

TIME, 1898. War declared against Great Britain by Germany and France who endeavour to land their troops at Worthing but are repulsed by land and sea. Irene, daughter of Lord Eskdale is engaged to Captain Harington; Lieutenant Rodney, of H.M.S. *Magnificent*, to Harington's sister Ethel. Rodney is ordered to proceed to the Suez Canal, in command of the *Hornet*. He succeeds in blowing up the Canal in order to prevent the French from seizing it. A great naval encounter between the allied Powers and the British result in the defeat of the former. Preparations are made for the invasion of France and Germany. Havre is chosen as the point of attack. An engagement follows in which Captain Harington wins the V.C. The French are routed. Sir Evelyn Wood sets sail with his expedition for Germany. A small but powerful fleet under Sir Nowell Salmon engages the enemy at the mouth of the Kiel Canal. The English attack Stralsund and capture it from the rear. 200,000 English soldiers are on German soil. America remains neutral. The French are defeated at the battle of Yvetot. The allies fall back on Russian aid. Russia purposes the invasion of Britain, hoping thereby to draw the Indian Army and leave the road to the East clear. Admiral Fitzroy is compelled to leave Stralsund whilst Vice-Admiral Erskine is ordered to the Bristol Channel. A Russian fleet attacks Cardiff but is repulsed by the American Admiral Mahan on the plea of protecting American trading ships. America declares war against Germany, France, and Russia as an ally of England. Canada equips an Army corps of 100,000 men to assist England, and South Africa gathers 30,000 men for the same purpose. Sydney is attacked by a combined French and Japanese fleet, but is repulsed by Admiral Freemantle's squadron of nineteen ships.

Russia advances upon India. General Alikhanoff—in command of the 1st Army Corps—reaches the banks of the Helmund. Here the first encounter between Great Britain and Russia takes place. Russia is defeated. Simultaneously Captain Peyton of the 7th Lancers sets out to capture the Transcaspian railway.

Meanwhile the critical moment arrives in the British campaign in France, Lord Roberts and General Massy are in command of the invading forces. General Saussier and General Mercier head 950,000 of the chosen troops of France. On June 2nd the battle commences.

First one side and then the other seem to have the upper hand. Rouen is attacked by the British and captured. The next day the French army surrenders unconditionally, and arrangements are at once made for the speedy transportation to England of this host of prisoners of war. In the United States an army is raised for service in Germany. The reader is introduced to Colonel Ritchie in General Smithson's command. The Anglo-American army prepare for its march on Berlin. An attack is made on Neuminster and an entrance effected.

CHAPTER XXXVI. (*continued*).

THE beautiful order and precision of the German forces in Neuminster now gave way to the wildest confusion.

A rush was made to line the hedgerows and garden walls on the south of the town, but before an effective defence could be arranged, the 7th Pennsylvania and the 1st Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment, were racing up the Markt Strasse.

The struggle for the possession of the town was short but stubborn. It was characterised by more than one noteworthy incident of personal bravery on the part of both attackers and defenders.

A German officer, deserted by his company when a fierce onrush was made by the Derbyshires, stood alone in the centre of a narrow street.

His sword-arm was broken by a bullet, but he calmly drew a revolver and fired steadily three times into the mass of his assailants. The Englishman leading the advance called upon him to surrender, but the gallant Brunswicker's reply was a bullet which ripped off his adversary's shoulder-knot.

An instant later he was knocked down, and it is to the credit of the chivalrous Tommies that they did not give him a vicious bayonet thrust as they passed, for he had wounded two of their comrades.

An American officer, cheering on the leading company of the 7th Pennsylvania, who had now penetrated to the north end of Neuminster, carelessly leaped his horse across a barricade and rode forward a few yards.

He was momentarily separated from his men, and at that instant half-a-dozen Uhlans, returning precipitately from the wreck of the reconnaissance party, dashed up to him.

Half frenzied with the sudden collapse of their assumed victory, the Uhlans resolved to pay off the score in the person of one enemy at least. It did not seem that the life of this fine soldier from West Point was worth a moment's purchase.

But he was an excellent horseman, and cool as an iceberg. Pulling his charger back on to its hind legs and wheeling him simultaneously, at the imminent risk of a headlong fall, the American disconcerted the aim of the first two lances levelled at him, and received a sword cut on the forte of his own weapon.

Yet another lance darted forward but again missed, for the West Point man had bent forward on his horse's neck and fired a revolver shot under the animal's head. More by luck than design the bullet found a resting-place in the thorax of one of the six, but still the odds were terribly uneven.

The Uhlans were desperately in earnest and heedless of their own safety, for rifle-shots were now whistling through the crowd, as the men realised that they must risk hitting their officer if they would save him.

But a remarkable diversion occurred just then.

A youthful but gigantic private of the Derbyshire Regiment, who had early grasped the niceties of the situation, caught a riderless German horse on the near side of the barrier, jumped on to his back, and in a few powerful bounds was in the midst of the fray.

Grasping his rifle by the barrel he smashed off the stock against the head of the first Uhlan he encountered. He raised the heavy weapon again to put it to similar use, but only in time to save himself from a well delivered cut from a man on the near side, which failed in its object, but sent the gun-barrel flying out of his hand.

Carried forward by his first wild rush, the Derbyshire man was driven, unarmed, between two of the Uhlans. Never losing his head for a fraction of a second, he saw that neither was ready to lunge at him, so he threw out his arms, kicked his charger fiercely to urge him on, and succeeded in dragging both of his opponents backwards out of their saddles. He clashed their heads together as though they were feather pillows, and flung the pair senseless to the ground.

By this time the American had run one gentleman from Brandenburg through the body, and the sixth having got clear of the *mêlée*, galloped off in the hope of escaping. But the officer rode after him, and within a few yards the Uhlan threw away his sword and raised his right arm aloft in token of surrender.

The West Pointer trotted back towards his rescuer, held out his hand, and said heartily:

"Shake!"

The Englishman responded as cordially, and then dismounted to rejoin his regiment.

Lord Falmouth had witnessed the whole incident. Leaning over towards an officer of the Derbyshires he said:

"What is the name of that youngster?"

"Oh," was the reply, "that's Jones, of Balliol."

"Jones, of Balliol?" repeated his lordship, puzzled by the glibness of the answer.

"Yes. He failed for Sandhurst, so his father hoped to cure his thickheadedness by sending him to Oxford for a couple of years. He has won undying fame by getting himself chucked out of the Empire last boat-race night at 8.15."

"That's rather early, isn't it?" said Lord Falmouth, recalling his youthful experiences.

"Early!" exclaimed the other, with the warmth of genuine admiration. "Why, it broke the record by twenty-five minutes!"

"The Duke must know of this," observed his lordship, and the acute reader can be trusted to understand which of the two incidents he meant.

Anyhow, Jones of Balliol came out of the campaign a better man than he went in, for he commanded a company in his own regiment.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME.

FOR two days and nights the English and American troops toiled unceasingly whilst they landed guns, stores, forage, and horses, and pushed rapidly ahead for the front at Neuminster.

What few moments of relaxation were snatched by the officers and men from the "old country" were devoted to items of gossip concerning the manner in which the Yankees "fixed up" everything in which they were deficient.

Proportionately to their numbers they were short of cavalry, and Colonel Ritchie proposed that his San Franciscans should be mounted on the German horses captured at Neuminster. General Smithson assented with equal nonchalance, and the English staff were amazed to see the change effected within a few hours. They argued, of course, complete disaster for the regiment should it come into contact with the highly-trained cavalry of the enemy, but they soon had cause to alter their opinion.

There were plenty of spare guns on board the transports, and the Duke of Connaught, faithful to his promise of non-interference, did not even elevate his eyebrows when the chief of the United States staff applied for sixty 12-pounders, so that he might "fix up" ten field batteries.

The American also asked that a number of non-commissioned artillery officers should be lent to him, until the men "got the hang of it," which he assumed would be the case before they would be needed in action—a statement which brought a sardonic grin to the face of the R.A. veteran whose duty it was to pick out the requisitioned instructors. Nevertheless, it will suffice to say that although the United States gunners could not hope to so quickly attain the high pitch of excellence shown by the British artillery, they accomplished marvels in the shape of actual work when the next great battle was fought.

Nor had they to wait long for this much talked-of event.

When two great armies are spoiling for a fight there is usually not any insurmountable difficulty in accommodating them. The British forces pressed on to Neuminster, and the Germans, on their part, did not let the grass grow beneath their feet in hurrying forward preparations for a strong attempt to hurl the invaders out of the Fatherland.

By a seemingly tacit understanding the British—by which term the United States' forces are quite naturally included—and the German commanders regarded Oldesloe as the ultimate theatre of operations. Although scouting by considerable detachments of cavalry and more determined reconnaissances were indulged in on both sides, there was no serious affair between the belligerents until they had massed their armies within thirty miles of each other, with Oldesloe lying midway between.

During one of these minor affrays a driver of the Army Service Corps earned immortality by a feat of remarkable endurance, which has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the annals of war.

The company to which he belonged was conveying a quantity of stores along the left flank of the British lines of communication when suddenly two squadrons of Prussian cavalry swept round the head of a dense clump of trees and delivered a well-timed charge, with the evident object of destroying the train.

The officer in command of the Army Service Corps detachment was young, and had never seen a fight outside the Long Valley, but he put into practice the precepts therein acquired with the ease and confidence of a veteran.

In obedience to his commands, men and horses started from the quiet jog of the march into a thunderous gallop.

Within half a minute they had formed a triangular laager, of which the waggons supplied the three external faces, the horses being safely ensconsed inside.

This is a difficult and dangerous manœuvre either in peace or war.

The waggons advance, for the most part, in echelon formation, and the slightest deviation of a vehicle will infallibly bring down the horses of its successor, possibly involving a section of a column in common ruin.

The formation was accomplished without apparent hitch, and the magazine rifles were soon busy in emptying German saddles.

The incident was ended almost as soon as it had commenced. It was then noticed that the driver of one pair of horses did not rise from the ground, where he had fallen after getting his waggon into correct position. A sergeant spoke to him and then bent over him to hear the poor fellow say feebly:

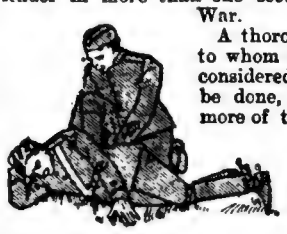
"I can't get up, sergeant. My left leg was smashed at the knee-joint by No. 5 waggon when the row commenced."

This gallant soldier had nevertheless kept his seat and guided his team until his duty was performed to the letter. Then the anguish he was enduring conquered his iron nerve, and he collapsed.

At the close of the campaign the Duke appointed him his coachman, but the brave fellow was lame for life.

Field-Marshal Prince Albert of Prussia had been selected by the Emperor to command this second Grand Army. He led his own Westphalian Army Corps into the field, and had at his disposal nine other territorial corps, making a total force of 330,000 men, with 400 guns and 11,000 horses.

This gigantic force had been exercised together, as it happened, during the preceding autumn manœuvres, and Prince Albert was in command on that occasion. He knew his staff thoroughly, and his men had complete confidence in him, for his reputation as a general stood very high, dating back from his distinguished services as a cavalry leader in more than one section of the Franco-German War.



A thoroughly conscientious soldier, to whom fatigue or trouble were unconsidered trifles when duty was to be done, this German Prince had more of the Slav than the Teuton in his composition. Were one told that he was a Romanoff, the lofty forehead, square, stern face, and firm chin, with its heavy underlip, would not belie the story. Such a man, at the head of such troops, was a very solid fact in the way of the British advance.

To oppose him, the Duke of Connaught surveyed at Neuminster two fine English army corps of 70,000 men each, and slightly over 100,000 United States soldiers. This total of 240,000 was split up into twenty-four divisions, each containing four small, but compact brigades. There were 250 guns of field and horse artillery, and some 12,000 cavalry, to which arm the Americans contributed 5,000.

On the night of the 16th of June, all preparations having been made for an advance in the direction of Oldesloe on the following day, the Duke of Connaught summoned a Council of War.

He briefly stated his plan of action, so far as this could be foreseen prior to actual contact with the enemy.

"From information gathered by a very daring bit of cavalry scouting carried out by the 14th Hussars," he said: "It is evident that the Germans are in greater force towards Hamburg than on the Lubeck side. The British right wing must consequently be of exceptional strength, and I will be glad if General Smithson will regard that as his special post."

General Smithson smiled with the air of a man who has a responsible but highly pleasant task entrusted to him.

"My own troops," continued the Commander-in-Chief, "will form the centre and left wing. With the exception of a small cavalry escort for the guns, which will at the outset be massed in the centre, I propose that the four cavalry brigades be equally divided for service on the flanks."

All present agreed that this arrangement would facilitate the next day's march, as the men could proceed to their allotted positions with the least expenditure of energy, an important consideration, for they were already suffering from the severe strain of the debarkation and subsequent events.

"I take it, Prince," said General Smithson, "that you have not yet made up your mind as to the programme?"

The Duke by this time knew his man fairly well, and understood, without possible reason, that the American officer had some ulterior motive in asking this apparently aimless question.

"I cannot decide definitely upon a certain course until I have learnt something of the enemy's intentions," he replied.

"Of course, of course," assented the other. "I was only figuring things out on general principles, so to speak."

"Well, and won't you tell us what you have figured out, sir," said the Duke, turning earnestly towards his colleague.

"You see, it's just this way," was the answer, given in deliberate and convincing tones, "tired men can't fight well, nohow. We'll allow that the enemy is as dead beat as we are after we get jammed close together at the end of the day's march. Nobody will feel particular bad if there isn't any trouble to-morrow night. Next morning both parties will want to get to business quite early, and the affair won't end in ten minutes. In this sort of country, with nothing but grass plots and bits of forest dotted about the view, there's likely to be more give and take fighting than in broken land, where position is half the battle. And I calculate the Germans are about three to two of us."

—"You are not going to *shake* me off so easily," replied the tramp, "and it will be just as *swell* for you to understand it in *time*. I shall try to ignore your *slurs*, although they do *violins* to my feelings."—

General Smithson paused to arrange his cigar more comfortably, and every man in the Commander-in-Chief's quarters felt that this shrewd American was about to propound some scheme as the result of his cogitations.

"Odds are odds, all the world over," he continued, "and, on paper, we ought to get a considerable licking."

An impulsive cavalry officer here broke into Smithson's slow speech.

"That is a poor spirit in which to begin," he cried, a hot flush mounting to his face.

The Duke promptly interfered. "Have the goodness to permit General Smithson to proceed. So far, I agree with every word he has uttered."

"If you think hard enough you'll take the same view," said the United States commander, pointing the stump of his cigar at the interrupter. "Now, it seems to me," he went on, "that if we can select the best possible position near Oldesloe, Prince Albert will hurry up to attack us. Two men can hold a place against three, but they cannot turn three out of their location unless they choose to quit. If we can make the Germans sweat themselves against us, our boys taking it fairly easy in between times, we might be able at the close of the game to play them up strong when they have already done all they want to do for one day."

This advice was so obviously sound that it was unanimously adopted, and the impetuous cavalryman seized the earliest opportunity to apologise for the unnecessary heat he had displayed.

"Cork up your energy," said General Smithson good-humouredly. "You'll want it before you go to sleep on the 18th."

Following the example set by Lord Roberts before the recent operations in the valley of the Seine, the Duke of Connaught issued, in the "Orders of the Day," a stirring reminder to his men of the anniversary of Waterloo.

"To-morrow," ran his words, "we will be fortified by the reflection that in facing a vastly more numerous foe we shall be only following the glorious precedent of our forefathers on another 18th of June.

"The firmness, the discipline, the calm courage which enabled the men of Waterloo to crush Napoleon's troops are hereditary qualities in the English-speaking race.

"Whether from east or west of the Atlantic, we are equally the successors of the heroes who fought under Wellington in Spain and France. I have never entered upon any solemn undertaking in the course of my life with such certainty as I feel upon this, the eve of our first great battle on German soil.

"Do we need deeds to emulate—they are supplied by our comrades afloat and ashore. We are fortified by the knowledge of their achievements; we are strengthened by the conviction that the guardianship of the sacred cause of our nation is as fully committed to our hands as to theirs.

"I have but one instruction to add for the common guidance to-morrow. There is plenty of ammunition. Shoot often, but—above all else—shoot straight."

Both Thomas Atkins and Brother Jonathan read these utterances with much approval. These gentlemen now rejoiced in a common title, "The Busters." For a little while they were at a loss for a synonym which briefly expressed the composite elements of the army, until some pretty wit devised this word, which not only gave an elegant combination of "British" and "U. S.," but also supplied phonetic expression to their peculiar attributes in the robust vernacular of the streets.

There was a philosophic value in the phrase. It conveyed the idea of complete unity, and at once swept aside possibilities of jealousy and differentiation.

The "Busters," then, took affidavit in approved form that they would "plate" or "get the drop on" the Germans to their best powers. The anniversary of Waterloo should certainly not want a fitting celebration.

The Commander-in-Chief was wise enough to give his men ample rest on the night of the 16th. Not until noon of the following day did the march of the infantry begin. But in the early hours the Duke and General Smithson, safeguarded from risk by a strong cavalry escort, surveyed the country near Oldesloe, selected the ground to be occupied by each division, and gave specific instructions to the staff-officers who would accompany divisional commanders to their particular stations.

On the night of the 17th the weather was fine and clear. From the absolute quiet that obtained in the vicinity of Oldesloe, one might have thought that nowhere on earth did more profound peace and restful security prevail.

The inhabitants of the little town had long since fled. It was now occupied by the advance guard of the German army, which was spread over a front of nearly four miles. The British front was more extended, running to fully five miles, and the men lay in the formation already described, two British and one American divisions supplying a reserve, stationed a mile in rear of the centre.

Despite the apparent stillness of the allies they were individually as busy as bees. During the few hours of dusk officers and men of the Sappers worked with feverish activity along the crest and on the slope of a marked undulation in the ground which fell away towards Oldesloe. They hammered tent pegs into the soil, tied long lines of thick cord to these, and measured, and paced, and triangulated as though their lives depended upon a nice pattern being traced upon the face of the earth.

Infantry officers attended these operations with great earnestness, and then hurried off to divide all regimental duties between half battalions.

The result was that 120,000 men slept, whilst their comrades toiled unceasingly with pick and shovel in the construction of field works and shelter trenches.

This quantity of labour skilfully adapted, and every man applying himself like a little steam-engine, can shift a good many cubic yards of earth, and when *reveillé* sounded at 4 a.m., the entire British front was guarded with two complete lines of entrenchments.

The now weary men—who had, as it transpired, already won the battle by their unflagging industry—retired to eat and sleep. Not even the tornado of lead and gunpowder that soon sprang into demoniacal life disturbed their repose for the few brief hours of rest vouchsafed to them.

Shortly after the relief had been effected firing commenced.

The German artillery tried to devote themselves to a general shelling of the allied position; but our gunners soon altered their views, and a fine duel ensued.

This was damaging enough to both sides while it lasted, but Prince Albert did not delay his infantry attack, which, as the Duke of Connaught had anticipated, assumed the most pronounced form on the right.

Three successive German Army Corps hurled themselves with splendid *élan* upon the Americans, and were driven back with a precision and loss that must have brought joy to the heart of Jomini himself, could he have witnessed the scene.

At the imminent risk of his life the Duke rode out in front of the centre to a point whence he could observe the proceedings. Not one word did he speak to the small staff with him until the third German line reeled away into nothingness before the hail of bullets that beat upon them.

Then he turned his horse's head towards the English lines, observing as the charger broke into a trot:

"If we do as well, this will be the greatest battle in history."

Prince Albert had now got his huge army within striking distance. Although he was surprised and annoyed at the manner and method of the first repulse he resolved to deliver a sledge-hammer blow at the entire British front.

Six army corps, aggregating nearly 200,000 men, advanced simultaneously across the plains and entered upon the second important phase of the struggle. They were formed in brigades of 5,000, of which one-fourth supplied the fighting-line and the remainder acted as supports and reserves.

This great movement took nearly two hours to complete itself, and when the final impact came it had a directness and power wholly unprecedented in modern warfare.

The battle was now entirely one of the rank and file. Unlike most great engagements, every man was individually and actively engaged.

Notwithstanding the vaunted smokeless qualities of the gunpowder used by the combatants, a murky haze filled the intervening space, and even large bodies of troops could only be distinguished at short distances.

It was at this supreme moment that the British plan of action manifested its real excellence.

The artillery and machine guns had already obtained mechanical range for their different classes of projectiles, and the infantry, by resting their rifles in grooves pressed into the shelter trenches, were able to secure a reliable point-blank trajectory.

Fifteen thousand Germans were killed or wounded during that awful half-hour's advance, but still they pressed on, indifferent to death or disablement, and only eager to vindicate their hardly-won reputation as the one invincible army of the world.

Yard by yard they doggedly struggled forward, firing with vigour and precision into the ill-distinguished lines in front, staggering oft before the gusts of lead that whistled through them, but still grimly resolved to achieve their object or die in the attempt.

At the precise moment when it seemed that they would succeed, when already this living torrent was about to fill up the British dykes and swamp the whole line in inextinguishable disorder and, perhaps, disaster, two cavalry brigades swept round the flanks at a headlong gallop, whilst the rest of the British horsemen, hastily recalled to right and left of the centre, poured through chaussées left for such a movement across the entrenchments and struck the disintegrated masses of German troops as lightning darts through a thunder-cloud.

Scattering in small detachments along the entire front, they whirled through the enemy's ranks with appalling effect. For a moment the advancing swarms quivered in struggle against the shock, and then melted away with the mist that rapidly dissipated owing to the cessation of firing.

When the dust and smoke had cleared somewhat, and the half-frenzied troopers were trotting back to the British lines in twos, and threes the scene of carnage along the five miles of front, for over a mile in depth, was one huge canvas of death.

It was pitiable, heart-sickening, more awesome than a plague-stricken city. It moved the victors to compassion, and the vanquished to unalleviated agony. They were most content who laid there, motionless and silent, for even the wounded were yet paralysed with the shock given to the frame by the modern projectile.

Prince Albert of Prussia now knew that he was beaten.

Nevertheless, with the icy coolness of despair, he determined to grasp fate by the throat.

If he could not succeed, it was at least possible to strike such a blow as would render it a question of weeks of delay before the British would be able to advance further into the interior.

The Duke of Connaught, who had grown ten years older during the last hour, anxiously noted some significant changes in the enemy's formation.

Guns and cavalry were being massed in the centre, and infantry were hurrying off towards the flanks.

The Duke was now called upon to solve a momentous problem, and he did so with the acumen and directness of a born leader of men.

He dispatched gallopers to warn General Smithson on the right, and Sir Richard Sheridan on the left, to expect simultaneous flanking movements by infantry, whilst he summoned all the cavalry and guns to assemble in rear of centre with the utmost possible dispatch. By this time, too, the second half of the British army was in the trenches, and the men who ought to have been relieved felt mutinous when ordered to retire. So they were left alone.

Not one moment too soon had the Duke made his new arrangements.

Precisely at eleven o'clock the Prussian Commander-in-Chief launched his final blow.

Under cover of a continuous artillery fire, 15,000 German cavalry, led by the Field Marshal in person—for the secret desire of the Emperor was strong within his own breast—trotted towards the British centre with the intention of repeating Von Bredow's Death Ride at Mars la Tour.

If this avalanche of men and horses could ride through those lines as their predecessors dashed through the French on that memorable day, they might double up the British front, and render successful the progressing flank attacks.

If they gained their object they committed both parties to indescribable slaughter; if they failed, it meant annihilation.

Breaking into a gallop at a distance of 1,000 yards from the British, and heedless of the shrapnel now plunging through their ranks, the German cavalry swept splendidly forward.

They had barely traversed a quarter of the distance when the English and American cavalry brigades appeared on the slight crest of the infantry position formed in line of columns with quiet rapidity, and Major-General Luck, the divisional leader, placed himself at their head, twenty paces in front of the centre regiment, the 2nd Life Guards.

The right of the line was taken by Colonel Ritchie's followers, who had been christened, no one knew why, the "Sacrament Horse."

No orders were given, for amidst the din they would have been inaudible.

Urging his charger into a canter, General Luck raised his sabre high above his head, and looked back, to right and left along the line.

A great cheer burst forth, not alone from the troopers but from every living man on the ridge, and the great charge commenced.

As the opposing bodies of cavalry neared each other, the sounds of conflict died away, and the thunder of the horses' feet upon the hard ground grew momentarily in volume.

When they were but a hundred yards apart, a member of the Duke of Connaught's staff yelled hysterically: "Great heavens, the Americans have not drawn their swords!"

They had, but the weapons were dangling by the sword knots from their wrists, and in each man's hands were a couple of revolvers, which he discharged point blank at the German cavalry in front ere the final crash came.

The effect was stupendous. Men and horses fell, the leading squadrons came to grief before they could strike a blow, and in the *mêlée* which ensued not a sabre was called into use until each American horseman had emptied the twelve chambers of his weapons into the mass of his opponents.

The result of this decided novelty in an affair of cavalry was soon seen. The three Uhlan regiments which met the soldiers of the United States were beaten immediately.

So rapid and decisive was their discomforture that Colonel Ritchie, who acted as brigadier of the right wing, was able to wheel his men and take the rest of the Germans in flank.

It is no discredit to the English horsemen to say that they did not find their task quite so easy. Lance met lance and sword clashed against sword, and for fully ten minutes the fight was the hardest any man present had experienced.

Locked as they were in the throes of a deadly struggle, for a little while they seemed to be a mere rabble. But at last the Prussians wavered and fell back. At this moment came the diversion of the American attack on the enemy's left flank, and almost before the watching army had realised what had happened the Duke of Connaught gave orders for a general advance from the centre.

Smithson and Sheridan seized the same opportunity to rush at the deploying German infantry, and when the sun sank to rest in the west, Prince Albert of Prussia was lying in the British field hospital, and his magnificent army was non-existent.

The loss of the British forces was terrible enough even under the circumstances of this glorious victory, whilst General Smithson said ruefully: "If we have a few more battles on this basis the United States will be broke with paying pensions."

(To be continued.)

CAN YOU WRITE AN ARTICLE?

£2 2s. is paid for Original Articles contributed to PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

—"I'll give you a *baton* the head *fugué* on like that," said the girl. "Don't that *symphony?*" laughed the stranger. "What *major* think of that?"—

FICTION.

A POEM OF SPLENDID MORAL,

BUT RATHER INDIFFERENT METRE.

YOUNG RONALD was a lover bold
Who loved a maiden fair;
But she was devoted to painting azaleas, witch-hazels, and camellia blossoms on mediæval *bric-à-brac* and crockery ware.

To her he wrote his soulful odes,
And sweet seraphic sonnets;
But she spent her time in working cardinal cats on magenta-coloured hearthrugs.
And in arranging ostrich plumes and birds of paradise' feathers and whole horticultural fairs on autumn and Easter bonnets.

He told her of his deathless love,
And wooed her winsome smile;
And she asked him if, after mature deliberation, it was his candid opinion
That crocheted chair tidies with flamingoes, cat-o'-nine-tails, and sunflower blossoms, woven into the middle of 'em, would ever go out of style.

He told her she was fairer than
The violets of the spring,
And she demurely turned the tide of his conversation unto the best designs for lace curtains, embroidered napkins, and various other things he had never heard of;
And asked him if he didn't think her purple-coloured snipe, with old gold legs and chrome-coloured bill, which she had painted on a saffron-coloured background on her father's old water pail, wasn't just too lovely for anything.

With one wild look
He rose to go;
His hat he took
And exit beau.

THE BRINKERHOFF TRAP.—The drier the weather the more flies we have. This is a fact which has escaped the notice of naturalists, probably because it is perfectly obvious.

The invention recently patented by Mr. H. T. Brinkerhoff, as a protection against flies, has been brought before the public at an exceedingly opportune moment. Hitherto all devices designed to protect people from flies have proved failures. There are dozens of fly-traps of different patterns in existence, but none of them are of much practical value. The aim of the inventors has been, in all cases, to kill flies, either by poison or violence, and though an occasional fly has fallen a victim to a fly-trap, the effect of diminishing the untold myriads of flies has been inappreciable.

The trouble with all these inventions has been that they appealed merely to the fly's stomach. They have been baited with syrup or with some palatable poison, and the inventors have assumed that flies are always so hungry and so reckless in their choice of food that they could not resist the attraction of the bait. There never was a greater mistake made than the assumption that gluttony is the master passion of the fly.

Mr. Brinkerhoff has had the penetration to perceive that the master passion of the fly is a love of malicious sport. The fly will always abandon the table for the sake of dancing on a bald head. The delight which he takes in this reprehensible sport is heightened by the struggles of the victim. Though driven away a dozen times by wild blows with the palm of the hand or with a fan, the fly will return the thirteenth time with undiminished zest.

In fact, the excitement of constantly avoiding blows gives him additional pleasure, and as long as the bald-headed man is within reach, the fly will hover over him and dance away the giddy hours with insatiable delight.

Knowing that a bald head is the one temptation that no fly can resist, Mr. Brinkerhoff has contrived a trap based upon the knowledge of this fact. The "Brinkerhoff fly-trap" consists of a life-sized figure of a middle-aged man with a bald head. The figure is made of wax, coloured so as to perfectly imitate the complexion of a middle-aged and healthy diner-out, and the head is so constructed that at fixed intervals of fifteen minutes concealed clock-work causes a roller to pass over the skull with the rapidity of lightning.

The Brinkerhoff trap, when placed in any room, will instantly attract every fly present. It is, to all appearances, precisely the kind of man whom flies delight to annoy, and, consequently, the moment a fly sees it he will abandon a lump of sugar, a bowl of milk, or even a sleeping baby and pounce on the bald head. At the end of fifteen minutes the roller passes over the head and crushes every fly in its path. The same process is repeated over and over again until all the flies in the room are exterminated.

The trap has been tried in several of the leading restaurants with complete success, killing, on an average, thirty full quarts of flies per hour, and the inventor has received thousands of certificates from leading citizens expressing their obligations to him, and their determination never to be without a Brinkerhoff trap.

This shows us what can be accomplished by an intelligent inventor who is a thorough master of his subject. Mr. Brinkerhoff owes his success to his thorough knowledge of the nature of flies, and his trap will undoubtedly render his name immortal.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—The young matron stood sternly facing the man who had vowed to love and cherish her, anger, scorn, and indignation blazing in her eyes, her trembling fingers clutching a photograph—the photograph of a woman.

"So this, sir," she cried at length, mastering with a supreme effort the womanly inclination to fall into a chair and scream herself into hysterics, "so this, sir, is the termination of our brief period of married existence; this is what I left a happy home, where I was the joy of dear mamma, for; this is all you mean by your hypocritical protestations of affection, which, if I hadn't happened to—to—er—to feel in your pocket to find a box of matches, I might have gone on blindly believing. This, I say, is all——"

"My darling," he interrupted.

"Don't darling me, sir!" she cried fiercely; "don't dare to use a term of endearment to me again, I—I—oh, to think that you could be such a brute, such a monster, such a——"

"My pet," he expostulated, "pray hear me for a moment."

"Not a word," she broke in furiously; "not a syllable! Don't drive me to madness, I tell you! Don't add to your overburdened conscience a string of miserable falsehoods, which can only make you, if possible, even more contemptible!"

"But really, Clara, if you will only allow me to explain——"

"Explain! What explanation can you give of the evidence of this photograph? Do I not find it secreted carefully in your own pocket? What construction would any sensible woman, any judge or jury, put upon such a discovery?"

"But, Clara, you are talking nonsense; the photo is only——"

"Stop, sir!" she exclaimed. "Have I not said that your excuses are futile? Oh, to think," she added passionately, her womanly spite for the moment getting the better of her dignity, "to think that you could desert me for a thing like this! Look at her!" she cried, holding the photograph at arm's length and gazing at it in magnificent scorn, "look at the brazen jade! Did you ever see such an object before? Why, the woman squints—actually squints; and then, what a nose, what a mouth—half across her face, I declare! And, oh, her figure, and the dowdy frumpiness of her altogether!"

She dashed down the photograph and sank breathlessly into a chair.

Then Henry got his chance. "I've been trying to tell you, Clara, only you wouldn't allow me, that the photograph is only the one I took of you with my new camera last week. I did not think myself that it quite did you justice, but——"

[*Pressure on our space makes it impossible to complete this story.*—ED. *P.W.*]

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.—Bobby: "On my way to school this morning I met the new boy who has moved in next door."

Mrs. Bingo: "Yes, and here's a note from the teacher saying you were late."

Bobby: "The new boy didn't get there at all."

NOW READY. No. 3.

MELODY.

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POLKA ... ..."A Cœur Joie" ... ... *E. Fischer.*
The Great Parisian success.
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"MARCHE DES MARIONETTES" ... ... *Violet Nicholson.*
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POLISH DANCE FOR THE PIANO ... ... *Cyril Dare.*
Expressly composed for *Melody*.
LITERARY NOTES { A NEW REQUIEM (*continued*), by Joseph Bennett.
{ MUSIC OF THE MONTH, by R. S. Hichens.

FACTS.

A WOMAN has for many years been the engraver of medals at the Royal Mint at Stockholm.

SINCE the beginning of the year no fewer than seventy-one soldiers belonging to the garrison of Metz have deserted from the German army and crossed the frontier.

A FRENCH physician has obtained good results in dressing burns with milk. Compresses are soaked with milk and laid on the burn, to be renewed night and morning.

A SINGLE glass eye can rarely be worn more than a year without being polished, for the surface becomes roughened by the action of tears, etc., and irritates the lids as they rub over it.

THE largest sum paid for a single novel was £50,000 to Alphonse Daudet for "Sappho," published in 1884. £20,000 was received by Victor Hugo for "Les Miserables," which was published in ten languages.

THE knife of the guillotine is weighted with 120 pounds of lead, and requires just three-quarters of a second to fall from a height of nine feet. It cuts through flesh and bone as easily as it would cut cheese.

ACCORDING to a report of the Select Committee on Public Accounts, it costs £1,299 in fees and expenses to become a duke, a marquis pays £1,128, an earl £957, a viscount £800, a baron £642, a baronet £534, and a knight £97.

THE little town of Nasso, in Sweden, has a feminine department, 150 strong, in its fire brigade. The water works of the village consist simply of four great tubs, and it is the duty of the women "firemen" to keep these full in case of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake, about three blocks away, one line passing the full buckets and the other sending them back.

A FRENCH *savant* thinks that by the year 2000 a spiritual chemistry will have been discovered that should entirely change human nature. This will be greatly due to chemistry utilising the heat of the sun and tapping the central heat of the globe. Under the reign of chemistry the earth, we are told, will become a vast pleasure garden, and the human race will live in peace and plenty.

SOME clergy are fond of announcing eccentric titles for the sermons of the coming Sunday. An American paper gives the following list of subjects announced for one Sunday by preachers in Buffalo: "Is the Trilby Craze Dying Out?" "Fitzsimmons v. Corbett," "How the Pastor Spends His Vacation," "Should Our Daughters Marry Foreign Noblemen?" "High Sleeves and Theatre Hats," "The Gold Brick Saloon," "Canal Street on Saturday Night," "Wordsworth and the Lake School of Poetry."

WE are given to understand that "the pyramid limp" is that state of body which falls upon one for two or three days after making the ascent of the Pyramids. One is so much pulled and pushed at the time that little or no inconvenience is felt. There is no sign of soreness of joint or muscle until after one has slept, and then the trouble begins to brew; the second day of that man or woman is worse than the first; the climax is reached at the end of the second or beginning of the third day, and from that time the patient recovers slowly.

THE temples of India are to be lighted with electricity, the example having been set by the great shrine of Siva, at Kochicaddie, near Mutwal, in Ceylon, and is to be speedily followed by the equally vast and ancient foundation of the Natukotta, in the same island. In no long time others will adopt the same improvement, till all the holy places of the Peninsula are so equipped that by pressing a button they can be instantly illuminated like the modern hotel or theatre. There are three million gods in the Hindoo pantheon, more or less, but they are entitled to a degree of surprise at the introduction of their shrines to a miracle surpassing any of their own.

THE history of the bicycle in Greece is interesting. The first machine was taken there many years ago by the king. It was all of wood, and front driving, of the variety known as "bone shaker." Naturally, his majesty did not appear in public in the streets, as bicycles were regarded by the natives as supernatural and uncanny for many years. The pioneer bicyclists of Greece were subject to many inconveniences and even dangers. They were hooted and laughed at in the streets of Athens, and were sometimes stoned and tumbled from their wheels. At the present day the rustic generally crosses himself and utters a prayer when a bicycle passes him.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to May 25th, 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 711.

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

—"What a *bass-riol* pun," gasped the girl. "That *schottische* shameful," replied the tramp, picking up a biscuit. "Now *counterpoint* for me."—

PEOPLE WHO EAT NOTHING COLD.

THE Chinese esteem shrimps above all other things. At a well-served table they are brought on swimming about in a glass bowl of water flavoured with oil and vinegar, which renders the creatures hysterically alive. With an unerring thumb and forefinger the Chinese diner-out plucks forth the struggling fish, nips off the tail at one bite and casts the useless head behind him.

Shocking as it may seem to an English housekeeper, the older the egg in China the more perfect from an epicurean standpoint does it become, for no Chinaman who has a right regard for his palate eats a fresh-boiled egg. Taken fresh, eggs are sent to soak, after having been washed, in a tub of aromatic water. After a time they are removed, and the water used in mixing a paste of lime and salt, in which the eggs are packed in jars. These are hermetically sealed and set aside to stand for a month, when they are supposed to be fit for eating. Those left packed in salt and lime for twelve months, or more, when opened, are found to have changed colour, solidified partly, and are odourless.

The chief care of the Chinese is to eat nothing cold. Warm or hot food they absorb in abundance, but rightly they maintain that cold food lowers the temperature of the stomach beyond the point where digestion can continue, and so the whole health of the body is endangered.

THE DOCTOR'S INFANT INDUSTRY.

Now and then a boy takes the law into his own hands and makes a mess of it. An instance of this kind was related at the last meeting of a medical society.

It seems that the young son of a well-known merchant and the young son of a well-known doctor were very chummy, and the former accompanied the latter one afternoon on an advertising expedition. The advertising was done by means of a paint brush being quickly traced over any smooth piece of wood or stone encountered, and called upon the male population to purchase their trousers from So-and-So. Well, in the evening the doctor's hopeful returned, and his paternal derivative asked him what he had been doing during the day.

"Advertising," quoth the boy.

"Advertising whom?" inquired the father.

"You and So-and-So."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"How did you advertise me?"

"Oh, we fixed up a sign that said 'buy your trousers from So-and-so, and your babies from Dr. Blank,'" said the boy calmly.

The doctor gasped for breath, thinking that the boy was having undue fun with him, but he soon found out that his hope and joy was telling the truth, and it cost him money the next day to go over the boy's route and rub out all the advertisements.

£1,099,013,785 FOR TRAVELLERS!

NOT many persons are there, beyond those who have some direct interest in our railways, who are aware of the enormous amount of money that is involved to-day in the great iron roads of the United Kingdom.

The capital of the railways of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland amount in the aggregate to the gigantic sum of £1,099,013,785, of which £85,387,355 is fully paid up! The London and North-Western Company has the largest capital of all our railways—£116,125,980. The Midland holds the second place in this category with £99,416,208, and the Great Western the third place with £77,477,080.

There are 20,908 miles of railway in the United Kingdom, or nearly sufficient to gird the world at its equatorial circumference. The Great Western possesses the greatest mileage of track—2,445, of which 1,205 is double or more lines. The London and North-Western runs over 1,892 miles, and the North Eastern over 1,620.

Over these 20,000 odd miles of railroads there passed in the course of last year 234,313,253 tons of minerals, 90,102,969 tons of merchandise, and 41,411 tons of unclassified goods; giving a total of 324,457,633 tons of goods, and the cost of conveying these was £43,379,078. During the same period no fewer than 911,412,926 passengers travelled over the same lines; while there are in the United Kingdom 1,184,861 persons who hold railway season tickets.

The railways of the United Kingdom possess 15,626 locomotive engines, 41,500 passenger carriages, 16,161 other vehicles used by passengers, and 606,079 luggage and goods vans and waggons.

The Great Western Railway runs through three tunnels which are among the longest in the kingdom. The Severn Tunnel, four miles and 624 yards long; the Box Tunnel, nearly two miles long; and Sapperton Tunnel, one mile and 1,034 yards long. There are thirty-four railway tunnels in England of more than a mile in length.

Every mile of railway in the kingdom brings in £1,745 per annum.

HOW THE STAGE LION ROARS.

SECRETS OF THE ORCHESTRA.

THE orchestra attached to a theatre which is in the habit of playing realistic drama, thus introducing upon its boards steam engines, ships, racehorses, and similar startling novelties, uses some very queer instruments whereby certain sounds necessary to the surroundings of the scene may be successfully produced.

Take for instance the roaring of a lion. None of the ordinary brass instruments will give this effect. To produce the desired sound a special apparatus must be used, technically known as a "lion roarer." This is a large, trumpet-shaped instrument, usually made of sheet iron. Two thin tongues of tin run down the middle, which, when the instrument is blown, vibrate and produce an excellent counterfeit of a lion's roar.

Instruments which imitate the notes of birds are to be found in most orchestras. A wooden tube, down the middle of which runs a reed, joined to a tin cup, is used for imitating the crow of a cock. The note of a cuckoo is likewise produced by a reed instrument; while some short time ago an ingenious piece of mechanism was brought out, whereon the notes of a lark, linnet, and the finches could be imitated to the life.

To produce the effect of a horse galloping along a road several contrivances exist. One way, as simple as it is effective, is to take cocoanut shells cut in half, and strike them upon some hard surface; but some orchestras can boast of specially-made instruments for this purpose. These are wooden blocks cut into the shape of a horse's hoof to which real horseshoes are attached, and this somewhat queer contrivance is played by striking the shoes upon a piece of marble or stone.

One would have thought that the bagpipe, with all its horrors of discordance, might have escaped imitation. Yet such is nowise the case. A very excellent imitation, we are informed, can be produced by means of a brass horn with a gradually narrowing bore, the instrument being furnished with finger-holes, and played after the manner of a flageolet.

One of the most ingenious and successful contrivances for imitating the sound of a puffing engine, an effect which, in the provinces, invariably brings down the house, is as follows:

The player holds in each hand an implement somewhat like a brick, composed of steel wires, and in order to produce the puff-puff of a locomotive, strikes a semi-cylinder of sheet-iron with each alternately. When the train first starts the operator strikes slowly, and gradually increases the pace until, when the engine is supposed to have got up steam, he strikes the cylinder as quickly as he can.

The noise made by the screw of a steamboat, as well as the puffing of a locomotive, has also been successfully produced by the aid of a special instrument. In appearance this is something like a large drum, with this difference, that its two ends are of wood, the rest being of parchment, holding several quarts of dried peas. This is fitted to an axis upon which it revolves. From the wooden ends project long pegs, and as the drum revolves, the peas strike against the parchment, thus giving a fair imitation of the sound made by the screw of a steamboat.

As a rule, it is the gentleman in charge of the drum, cymbals and triangle to whose lot it falls to operate upon the above and similar orchestral curiosities. It is true that it does not require a vast knowledge of music to play the horse-galloper, the puff-puff, or the lion-roarer, yet we are informed that it is necessary to practice even upon these instruments before anything approaching efficiency can be attained. Nor is a knowledge of the instruments alone sufficient, for one has not only got to know how, but when, to play them.

A HOUSE-PAINTER recently wanted to join the fire brigade, but as it took him over fifteen minutes to climb a ladder, and then he had to go down again for something he had forgotten, they didn't employ him.

AN amusing story is going the rounds about a certain actor, who shall be nameless, but who imagines himself a lady-killer. This artiste, whom we call Y, is a member of a club to which a fellow-actor, Z, also belongs. Y's letters were put in the Z box, and Z, without looking at the address, opened one by mistake. It was a letter from a tailor of the usual character. Shocked at his mistake, Z hastily resealed the letter and put it in Y's box. Soon afterwards Y came in, opened the letter, glanced triumphantly round, and exclaimed: "Silly little girl!"

A PRIZE OF £100.

A CHEQUE for £100 will be paid to the reader of *P.W.* who collects before the end of this year the largest number of the coupons appearing on the front page of the wrapper of *P.W.*, and also in *Short Stories*. This Competition closes on January 1st, 1897. The coupons should be pasted on sheets of foolscap or in scrap-books, and must not be sent to this office until the end of the year. To win the prize is not so difficult as might be imagined if you persuade all your friends to take in both papers and to give you their coupons.

A SHAMEFUL TRICK.

A READER of *P.W.* in America sends us the following good story:

The late Eugene Field once played a practical joke on two Pullman car-loads of Kansas City merchants who were going on an excursion.

Each car was to go by a different route, and the cars separated at an early hour in the morning when everybody was asleep, except Field, who was there to write up the trip. Just before the cars parted company he carried all the shoes from one sleeper into the other and carefully exchanged them. The next morning there was a blue streak two ways across Kansas. Every man in both sleepers was miles and miles away from his own shoes.

BIRD-HUNTERS IN CEYLON.

A MORE disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although as a rule it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, looking as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare.

Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey. These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower, and take the place of the humming-birds of the East.

As one approaches, the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.

TIN TROUSERS.

"YOU would be surprised at the amount of smuggling that is done by the crews of sailing vessels," said one of the Customs inspectors to a *P.W.* man. "Many rich cargoes come in here from India, South America, and the West Indies, and the temptation to smuggle is too strong for the average sailor to resist. There is something fascinating about smuggling, which is the only way I can account for the fact that many an otherwise honest man doesn't scruple to defraud the Government whenever he gets the chance.

"Among sailors this feeling is almost universal. Indeed, they seem to think that their calling gives them the privilege of bringing in a few things on every trip, and they are apt to make it very uncomfortable for the officer who attempts to enforce the law. The articles they smuggle consist mostly of liquors, cigars, fine silks, and such delicacies as preserved ginger, curaçoa, etc.

"But let me tell you how I discovered one of the most ingenious schemes for smuggling that was ever devised. I was in the habit of visiting a little old-fashioned public-house, and one day the proprietor asked me if I would sample some of his rum. It was fine old Demarara. I began to wonder where he got it, for he didn't keep it in stock always. Then I noticed that he got in a fresh supply every time a certain ship arrived.

"I thought I saw a good chance for a seizure, and kept close watch on the public-house the next time the vessel came in. I hung about the place all night, but not a sign of smuggling could I see. There was no doubt, however, that it had taken place, for the next day the publican was treating all hands to rum. The only suspicious thing I saw was that one of the sailors made frequent trips from the ship to the place. I was morally certain that he was doing the smuggling, but how he did it was a mystery, for I never saw him carrying anything.

"One day when he was returning to the ship I drew him into conversation. He had been sampling some of his own rum, and began skylarking. At last he made a kick at me, and I playfully hit him on the leg with my walking-stick. There was a sharp, metallic sound as the blow fell. The man's face whitened and he sobered up in a minute. It was all plain enough to me then, and I knew that the wide trousers the man wore meant more than a peculiarity of dress.

"There was no legal evidence against the man, as no rum was found in the ship, but I made him show me the contrivance. It was practically a pair of hollow tin trousers of the most ingenious design, by which he could carry gallons of liquor with little fear of detection. He never attempted to work the scheme again."

—"*Anthem* biscuits over," cried the landlord impatiently. "Are they *minor* yours; now *galop* out please." "I won't *duet*," said the intruder, leisurely arranging his *tie*, until you've filled my *measure*. I could drink a *quartet* least."—

ALMOST BURSTING WITH TALENT.

GREAT ARCHITECT: "Good-morning, Mr. Suburb. Think of building another house?"

Mr. Suburb: "No; I called to inquire if you wouldn't take my son as a student in your office. With the right training he'll be a fine architect some day."

"Has he shown any marked talent for architecture?"

"Talent? He's overflowing with architectural talent. I wish you could see the hen-house he put up for me last week."

"Humph! What is there remarkable about it?"

"He designed it for one pound and it's cost ten."

BIRDS THAT FEIGN DEATH.

ONE of the most remarkable devices resorted to by wild things for their own protection is that of shamming death. A beetle or spider will double in its legs, and lie as if dead. The reason for this is obvious. It may then be passed over, mistaken for a bit of leaf or stick. But it is more difficult to account for this practice in birds.

A moorhen or landrail will feign death, lying in the hand perfectly limp, and to all appearances unconscious. It has been suggested that the idea is that, being already dead, the captor will not trouble to kill them.

More probably it is merely a ruse, in the hope that by lying still they may be forgotten, and crawl off presently unobserved. Another reason is suggested by the fact that cats and the cat tribe do not often touch their prey unless it moves.

CAN YOU MAKE THIS OUT?

ENGLISH spelling is remarkable for its indefinite variety. As long as "tisis" is spelled "phthisis," the voice of the spelling reformer should be heard in the land. Mr. Turner, in the following incident, in view of our present method of spelling, was entirely consistent:

Jones met his friend Turner in the train. They were both going to London, and stopped at the same hotel. Turner registered his name:

"E. K. Phthologhyrrh."

Jones, noticing it, exclaimed:

"Here, what are you assuming such a foreign, outlandish name for? Are you in any trouble?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Turner; "and I am not assuming any foreign name."

"What kind of a name is that?" demanded Jones.

"That is my identical old name," persisted Turner, "and it is English, too—pronounced plainly 'Turner.'"

"I can't see how you get 'Turner' out of those thirteen letters, and, besides, what is your object in spelling that way?" asked Jones.

"Well, you see, nobody ever noticed my name on the register when I wrote it Turner," explained the latter, "but since I commenced writing it 'Phthologhyrrh,' I get them all guessing. They wonder what nation I am from; what my name is. I can now hear people talk about me all around. It is as I said before—English spelling. 'Phth,' there is the sound of 't' in 'phthisis;' 'olo,' there is the 'ur' in 'colonel;' 'gn,' there is the 'n' in 'gnat;' 'yrrh,' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner,' what does it spell?"

A PRISON MANAGED BY WOMEN.

THERE is a band of new women at Auburn, New York, but the public pays very little attention to them. They are not over picturesque, and do not startle people by doing some dainty things very much out of the ordinary. They don't wear knickerbockers, ride bicycles, or make speeches, but they do run a prison, and they run it very well too.

Running a prison is not play either. It is not made up of hours devoted to delightful gossip or attending fine teas. The society is not particularly fine, because the larger part of it is composed of pickpockets, forgers, bigamists, incendiaries, and murderesses. There are usually from 100 to 125 of these in the jail, and they are there for committing all kinds of offences within the criminal scope of abandoned women.

When a woman in any part of New York State has been proved guilty of a serious crime, she is sent to the Auburn prison. The minor female prisoners go to the county penal institutions. The most hardened women in the country are therefore confined at Auburn, and they are managed so well that there are on record many cases of genuine reformation as a result of the prison discipline.

The real head of the Auburn prison is Matron Annie M. Welshe. She has a force of women keepers under her, and she directs the entire management of the unruly inmates. Her word is law, and the system inaugurated by her works like a piece of machinery. There is only one man connected with the place, but he does not interfere with the management. He appreciated the good sense displayed by the women officers, and acknowledges that they can handle the prisoners in a more satisfactory way than men could.

SAFER THAN POST-CARDS.

WRITING with rice-water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practised successfully in the correspondence with Jelalabad in the first Afghan war. The letter was concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded, on which appeared the single word "Iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and therewith appeared an important dispatch from Sir Robert Sale.

In France, last year, some strange revelations were obtained from convicts. When information was to be conveyed to a prisoner, a formal letter, containing apparently nothing but a few trivial facts of a personal nature, was forwarded to the prison. This was read by the governor, who stamped it and allowed it to be handed on to the man to whom it was addressed.

The latter, however, was aware that there was another letter to be read between the lines, written in milk, and easily decipherable on being rubbed over with a dirty finger.

HOW TO STOP MEN SMOKING.

THE train was very full, and into a railway carriage occupied by four gentlemen, each of whom was smoking, stepped a woman. The occupant nearest the door, observing that she carried a basket, hastened to help her in with it.

"Take care," said she in a whisper. "I have six pounds of dynamite in that basket, which I am taking to my husband in a stone quarry."

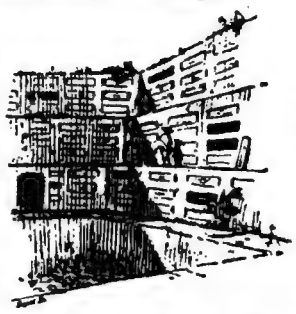
The train then sped on. Quick as lightning the gentlemen exchanged glances and threw their cigars out of the window. All looked horror-stricken as they glanced first at the woman and then at the basket.

With ill-concealed anxiety they looked forward to the train stopping. At the next station the woman alighted, and a sigh of relief burst simultaneously from her four companions, one of whom carefully handed her out the basket with its dangerous contents.

"Thanks!" said the woman. "Thanks! You need not look so frightened. There's only my husband's dinner inside; but your smoke was so vile."

A STRANGE CEMETERY.

A CORRESPONDENT describes the queer cemetery of the Mexican city of Guanajuato. The burial place is on the top of a steep hill which overlooks the city, and consists of an area inclosed by what appears from the outside to be a high wall, but which discovers itself from within to be a receptacle for bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the confines of their native valleys compel them to live.



Each apartment in the wall is large enough to admit one coffin, and is rented for four shillings per month. The poor people are buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually rented, in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go round, whenever a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance.

SHADOWING ROYALTY.

THE Empress Eugenie is, of all the royal and distinguished personages lately assembled in the South of France for the purpose of escaping the rigours of a northern winter, the only one whom the Government does not deem it necessary to have watched day and night by detectives.

It affects to see in her nothing more than a lady of rank, and recognises in her no other title or dignity than that which she has assumed—the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. She is left free to come and go as she likes, and no police, in or out of uniform, are assigned to the duty of keeping watch over her beautiful villa at the end of Cap Martin.

Every scion of a reigning house, from the very moment of setting foot on French soil, is shadowed by a perfect crowd of members of the secret police, who exercise a surveillance that only ceases with the departure of the illustrious guest. The amount of money and expense entailed upon the French Government by the presence on its soil of foreign rulers and their relatives each spring must be very great, and it is an expense for which it gets no credit or appreciation.

Yet were anything untoward to happen to these princes, every monarchical country in Europe would unite in holding up to public obloquy French order, French administration, and French hospitality.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

LITTLE Janet, aged four, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to the mustard.

Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread which she was eating with the fiery condiment, and took a substantial bite.

Her hand immediately went up to her burnt mouth; but, bravely suppressing an outcry, she put the bread away, remarking:

"I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold."

WHERE TO GROW RICH BY MURDER.

IF the French newspaper LA COCARDE is to be trusted the "Lifers" in New Caledonia afford the happiest examples of what comes of not being executed for murder. After five years these gentry, if well conducted, are placed in the first-class, can become landowners, and are free to marry any lady convict in the same fortunate position.

One of them, who has been thus successful, has sent for his two sons in France to join him in managing his coffee plantation. Unhappily, he is in his sixty-sixth year. "Ah, sir," he said, to the Governor of the Colony, "if I had but known. I ought to have committed that murder ten years earlier." If too tolerant a treatment for those who have committed the greatest of all crimes, the new Caledonian system has at least this advantage that many depraved creatures have time to in some measure atone for an ill-spent life.

TOLD OF THE MARINES.

"RUDYARD KIPLING'S stirring ballad concerning 'Her Majesty's Jollies,' in the April number of *Pearson's Magazine*, calls to mind," says the INVERNESS COURIER, "a story which is related regarding them and the sailor king, whose cypher they bear on their colours, as well as her Majesty's. On a certain occasion when William IV. was dining, there was present a smart cavalry officer who affected to despise the marines, regarding them as a worthless lot. Turning to a waiter, and pointing to a bottle that had been emptied, he said: 'Here, take away that marine.' But his Majesty was equal to the occasion. 'A very good name,' he observed quietly, 'for, like the marines, it has done its duty many times, and is ready to do it again.'

"One or two facts concerning this regiment are of interest. The marines enjoy the privilege, shared only by the navy, and the East Kent Regiment, 'The Buffs,' of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets. The corps was first raised in 1664, and was then known as 'The Duke of York's Maritime Regiment of Foot' (the Duke being the High Admiral).

"'An' after I met 'im all over the world, a' doin' all kinds o' things,' runs the ballad to which we have referred, and it is significant to note that their war services are represented by the globe. 'Because,' as a young marine naïvely remarked, 'if we tried to put them on our colours, as line regiments do, there wouldn't be room!'"

IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE FOR DOGS?

To those who have experienced the genuine fidelity of the canine friend the question is no idle one.

Dr. Gordon Stables, who delights in the honourable title of "the friend of dogs," says: "As to the question whether or not dogs have souls, my own belief is that they have a future. If they haven't, we haven't, that is all."

And Byron was no believer in an exclusive heaven.

Dr. John Brown says in "Rab and his friends": "We happen to hold high views on the social and moral bearings of dogs, especially of terriers, those affectionate and great-hearted little ruffians; but as our friends think us not sane on the point, and as we think quite the reverse, we shall not now dispute the matter." What *we* did think about dogs in heaven one may pretty rightly guess from these remarks.

The opinion of John Ruskin on all matters is important. What he thinks of this subject it is somewhat difficult to say. However, we quote one sentence from his writings which may give some indication of the direction in which his sympathies are inclined. "There is in every animal's eye a dim image, a gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to one great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul."

There is at least strong in corroboration of the fact—

> There are men both good and wise who think,
> That in a future state,
> Dumb creatures that we have cherished here below
> Shall give us joyous welcome
> When we pass the Golden Gate.

Whyte-Melville, who wrote these lines, classes himself as one of the number.

—"Skip," said Boniface, producing a small-sized *canon*, "or there may be an *accidental* explosion."—

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

Hold Onions under water when preparing them, and so save your eyes.

Clean Tapestry Chairs and Sofas, during the house-cleaning period, with warm bran, rubbing it on with a piece of new flannel.

Verdigris on Brass may be removed by rubbing with liquid ammonia. Knowing this you will soon clean your brass bedstead and make it fit for use once more. (*Reply to* H. R.)

A Clear Fire for Grilling Purposes can be quickly obtained by sprinkling over it a little powdered nitre. This is used a great deal by first-class *chefs* and grill cooks.

Diet Bread Cake. Take four ounces of fine flour, ditto caster sugar, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and mix well together. Break into these ingredients four eggs, flavour all with lemon essence, and bake in a square tin, which should be buttered and lined with greased paper.

Ink can be Removed from Paper, if the stain is not too old, as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime, and add just enough water to cover it; take a soft cloth, moisten it in the mixture, and pat (do not rub) the stain gently, and it will slowly disappear. If one application is not enough try a second. (*Reply to* W. M. P.)

Custard Powder to use with sweetened milk is made thus: Take one pound of sago meal and mix it thoroughly with the same quantity of flour, colour with turmeric till of a delicate cream shade, then flavour with essential oil of almonds (one drachm) and essence of lemon (two drachms). Work all together and pass it through a sieve. Place in tins and keep in a dry place for use.

A Hair Tonic which will be found to stimulate the growth of the hair and cleanse it at the same time is prepared as follows: Pour a quart of boiling water on a small handful of rosemary, add a piece of ammonia the size of a walnut; let it stand till cold, when it will be ready for use. Curly hair, such as yours appears to be, seldom grows long, but a good wash like the above should greatly improve the growth. (*Reply to* A. G. G.)

Broiled Mullet. Wipe each fish and lay it on a sheet of oiled writing paper, sprinkle pepper, salt, a little lemon-juice, and chopped parsley on the fish. Fold the paper over, and broil the fish on a gridiron; before serving, take off the paper and pour this sauce over. Fry in a little butter two shallots minced very finely, then add half a gill of white wine and five or six mushrooms chopped small; a little gravy will be an improvement. Simmer all together for a quarter of an hour, skim off the fat, stir in a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and pour over the fish.

A Spring Cleaning Hint. When a carpet is taken up the floor underneath is usually thickly covered with fine dust. This dust should not be allowed to rise, for poisonous germs are often in it, and inhaling it may cause injury to the lungs. Before sweeping, therefore, sprinkle over the floor a very little diluted carbolic, which is a strong disinfectant, and will speedily destroy any evils that may be in existence in the dust. It is always well to cover the floor under the carpet with paper, as it prevents the dust from getting into the boards, and takes some of the wear off the carpet.

Children have very Little Natural Heat, and therefore require to be warmly clad. No one thinks of neglecting this point during the winter months, but now that the warm weather is here, it does not receive the attention it should. It is a common plea to be allowed to have "just one game more before bed-time," and in their excitement the little ones often become very heated. Now all summer evenings are not alike warm and pleasant, and the wiser plan is to provide a thin wrap to prevent chills being caught. A simple little coat like that I have sketched (No. 367, post free 6½d.), for a child of two to four, can be made at home for a ridiculously small sum, for beyond the yard and a quarter of serge or cloth necessary for its manufacture, a little trimming, a few bone buttons, and some Italian cloth for facing, is all that is necessary. The wrap is double-breasted, and has a turn-down collar at the neck, beneath which the detachable cape buttons on.

To Destroy Moss on Trees. Paint with whitewash made of quicklime and wood ashes. (*Reply to* TOM.)

Invalids in Summer will do well to try a water or air bed, for they are always cool and soft, and do not require daily making.

The Polishing Iron which is employed for glazing shirts, etc., is, of course, used hot. Firm even pressure is required. (*Reply to* LEILA H. C.)

Coins should never be Placed in the Mouth or between the teeth, for bear in mind that money is handled by all sorts of people, and is never cleansed.

When Making Puff-paste sprinkle baking-powder on each layer of butter, instead of flour. When the butter melts it will cause the powder to effervesce and puff up the paste. The oven should be rather quick when the pastry is first put in. (*Reply to* SALLY.)

To Keep Flies Away. Nearly every household is at this period of the year beginning to suffer more or less from the plague of flies. Householders may, therefore, like to know that mignonette planted in boxes on the window-sill will keep flies from a room as effectually as wire screens. Geraniums, I am told by a learned friend, have the same effect.

Renovating Plaster of Paris Casts is quite possible at little expense and trouble if this recipe is followed: Melt a clean piece of whiting in water, and having stirred it up, paint the cast evenly over with the liquid. If you wish to fix the white to prevent its rubbing off, dissolve a little isinglass in warm water and when cold mix it with the whiting-water before painting on the wash. (*Reply to* F. A. B.)

Glacier Pudding. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water. Let it stand for two hours. Add one pint of boiling water, the juice of two large lemons, and six ounces of sugar. Stir until the gelatine is quite dissolved, strain, and let the mixture stand for twelve hours. Beat the whites of two eggs on a plate, with a pinch of salt, to a very stiff froth, add to the gelatine, etc., beat again, pour into a mould, and serve cold.

Lemonade. This is a very good kind to make for bottling, and will keep some time. Two or three teaspoonsful added to a tumbler of cold water makes a very refreshing substitute for lemon squash. Take five pounds of loaf sugar and one quart of cold water, and let it boil gradually. When quite boiling pour it on to three ounces of citric acid and two drachms of essence of lemon. When this is perfectly cold, bottle for use. The cost is small and all ingredients very easy to procure. (*Reply to* H. C. P.)

Grey Boiled Pudding. Take a level tablespoonful of fresh butter and beat it to a cream with half a teacupful of caster sugar. Beat one egg and add it to the sugar and butter, flavouring all with vanilla essence. Mix half a teaspoonful of baking-powder with a teacupful of flour, and gradually add to the other ingredients. If the batter is too stiff add a tablespoonful of milk. Grease a pudding basin, ornament it with raisins, split and stoned, pour in the mixture, and boil for two hours. Serve with any preserve dissolved in hot water as a sauce.

Make Rhubarb Preserve at once, and you will find it very superior to what one generally sees, which has probably been made in the autumn, when the rhubarb is old. Peel one pound of the finest rhubarb and cut it into inch lengths, add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar and the juice and rind of one lemon, the rind to be cut in narrow strips. Place all in a preserving pan and simmer gently till the rhubarb is soft, take it out carefully with a wooden or silver spoon and put it into jars, then boil the syrup till it jellies, and pour over the fruit. When cold tie down the jars with a bladder or gummed paper to exclude the air.

To Clean Thick Cotton Quilts. During the spring months I have, as usual, several requests for advice on the washing of quilts. If this recipe be followed the result will be that the quilts are a good colour. Slice thinly a pound of good, yellow soap into a pan with a quarter of an ounce of potash and one ounce of pearlash. Pour over this a gallon of boiling water and leave it until it is dissolved. Put enough water for washing the quilt into the tub and add to it one quart of the fluid. Put in the counterpane, rub it well on both sides, wring it out, and, with fresh water and liquid, wash it again. Then rinse it well in three different waters. Starch the quilt slightly and dry in the open air. When dry take the quilt off the line, pull it and make it square, fold it, and it is ready for use. Do not mangle or iron a counterpane.

A Boiled Leg of Mutton looks much better when served if boiled in a coarse white muslin cloth.

Clean Wax or Paraffin Candles which have become discoloured from exposure to the air by rubbing them with a flannel dipped into methylated spirit.

To Prevent Dye Coming out of Fur. First, well wash the fur in soft soap and warm water and thoroughly dry it. Then pass it through a strong solution of alum and water.

A Cure for the Rat Plague. Soak newspapers in water till reduced to a pulp, then dip into a weak solution of oxalic acid. While still wet, plug the holes made by either rats or mice with this, and the occupants will speedily retire.

To Clean Shells. If these are of a fine and delicate form, they can only be safely and thoroughly cleansed by boiling them in a saucepanful of water, with white soap and soda, until all dirt is removed. Next place the shells in a basin, and pour clean lukewarm water over them. Dry the shells on a tray, set at a short distance from the fire. White coral can be beautifully cleansed in the same manner.

A Simple Way of Detecting Defects in Bath Wastes and untrapped sinks is to pour peppermint, or some other strong liquid with a pungent smell, down a gulley outside the house. All the windows must first be closed. The presence of this strong smell at any of the suspected points will be sure evidence that something is very wrong.

Easter Cakes, which I find always appreciated be the season winter or summer, may easily be made as follows: Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, add half a pound of caster sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon mixed with a tablespoonful of brandy, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and three ounces of currants. Work all into a stiff paste. Place in a cold larder, and next day roll it out thin, and cut into rounds the size of a saucer. Bake very carefully in a moderate oven till crisp. Cool on a sieve, then place in a canister till required. (*Reply to* E. T., Kent.)

Potting Butter. The best month for this process is May. As the season advances, be careful only to pot butter made on a cool day. Mix well together two parts fine dried salt, one part loaf sugar, one part saltpetre. Use one ounce of this mixture to every pound of butter for potting. Be sure to work the mixture carefully into the butter. Store away the jars of butter in a very cool place, covering with clean cloths, and with a strong brine on the top. Butter preserved in this way will keep two years if required. This recipe was sent me by a correspondent, who said she had used it successfully for some time.

Ragoût of Rabbit. Divide a rabbit into small joints, and cut four or five rashers of bacon. Fry the rabbit till brown, shred an onion finely, and add it to the rabbit. Cook till a rich brown. Empty the contents of the frying-pan into a good-sized saucepan, add half a pint of water, and over the meat arrange the slices of bacon. Simmer all for three-quarters of an hour, then add a few forcemeat balls and simmer for another twenty minutes. Place the meat on a hot dish, and strain the liquor into a small stewpan. Work one ounce of butter into one ounce of browned flour and thicken the gravy with it, boil for a few minutes, and, while stirring, pour it over the meat. Serve at once.

Isobel

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THE SOLAR ELIXIR

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ECHOES FROM THE SANCTUM.

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WAITER.—You must master what may be called the Science of the Overcoat. Young men always expect to be assisted on with their coats. It suggests that they are getting old and require attention. To offer to help an elderly man is the deepest insult you can pay him. He likes to struggle into the coat alone. It suggests that he is still young and does not require attention. Everything in this world goes by contradictions. The young man who is growing stout also objects to any assistance. By doing so he draws attention to the very fact which he is anxious to deny. But it is advisable not to smile at his struggles. There is nothing a man objects to more than to see anyone smiling when he has refused to be helped, and for the life of him cannot find the other sleeve of his coat.

A "HOME NOTES" DAME asks: "Would it be possible to cook meat by cold?"——There is in Hungary at the present moment a large establishment exclusively engaged in preparing meat for the table by this method. It is well known that burns by heat differ very little in effect from burns by cold. Precisely, or nearly precisely, the same chemical and physical changes can be produced in animal flesh by exposure to extreme cold as by exposure to heat.

MRS. X.—To be angry because you have chanced to overhear your friends describing you as a grass-widow is merely to display your ignorance. It is not a slang word at all; neither is there anything discourteous about it. The term, in fact, is derived from the French word *grâce*, meaning courtesy. To be a widow by courtesy—that is to say, to be a married woman whose husband is temporarily separated from you owing to his duties abroad—there is nothing so terrible about that, after all, is there?

G. W.—Bound volumes of *Pearson's Magazine* will be on sale every June and December. The covers, which are of unusually attractive appearance, will also be obtainable by those who wish to bind their own numbers.

AMONG the questions that reach me with the regularity common to bills is this: "What is an appropriate speech for a bridegroom to deliver at a wedding breakfast?"——My readers shall settle the matter among themselves. On these occasions brevity is all-important, and therefore it is insisted that the speech shall not occupy more than one side of a post-card. No bridegroom ever wanted to prolong the agony beyond this. A prize of one guinea is offered for the cleverest suggestion, and fifty *P.W.* penknives—knives being the most inappropriate present to give in connection with a wedding—are to be gained as consolation prizes. All attempts to reach this office by Tuesday, May 12th, and to be marked "Matrimony."

KATE.—There is certainly nothing unladylike in the use of the word 'bloomer.' The costume is named after its inventor, Mrs. Bloomer, an American lady who suffered ridicule for years, in order to introduce a rational dress among the fair sex.

A READER OF *Short Stories* inquires whether there are any private individuals who have never held an official position and yet enjoy the privilege of sending their letters through the post unstamped.——I know of none besides the wives of ex-President Grant and ex-President Garfield, who, in consideration of the services rendered to the country by their respective husbands, have only to write their names on the back of any envelopes they may dispatch to insure their free delivery.

COME-AGAIN writes: "I notice that some people have the faculty of moving their ears backwards and forwards, and with their ears their scalps. Can anyone learn to do this?"——It is an accomplishment, gentle "Come-Again," which few people possess. It is also absolutely useless. According to Darwin, this power is inherited from our monkey ancestors, and those who have the faculty are presumably less estranged from the simian race than the ordinary run of people. He quotes the case of a man who could pitch several heavy books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone. It also seems that he won wagers by performing this feat. In which case it is evidently not such a useless trick to be capable of after all. Besides, one can give just the most cunning little winks in the world with one's ear which would escape general observation under circumstances when the suspicion of a wink trembling on the eyelid would be barbarous. It is probable that most of us by often touching our ears, and thus directing our attention towards them, could recover some power of movement by repeated trials. Which thing is comforting and pleasing withal.

BY-THE-WAY, it were well if contributors would remember that all rejected manuscripts will be destroyed unless postage stamps are inclosed to cover the expense of their return. The word "Manuscript" should be clearly written upon the exterior of the wrapper.

J. B. has discovered that he invariably uses the teeth on the left-hand side of his mouth for masticating his food. He is anxious to know whether this is likely to lead to premature decay of the teeth or to have any unpleasant effect on the expression of his face.——No, J. B., you can set your mind at rest. The truth is that the majority of people employ the left-hand side of the mouth more than the other in eating. They are probably unconscious of the fact. In nine cases out of ten they will deny it. But watch them and see for yourself. As a rule it is only when the teeth on the left side are decayed or, perhaps, extracted that it happens otherwise.

INCREDULOUS asks: "Are there any people who consider it improper to eat food in public?"——The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. Before a meal they retire to the most secluded spot they can find and eat with drawn blinds or surrounded by a screen. The explanation of this precaution is more likely to be fear than modesty. In days gone by the savage no doubt concealed himself lest some man stronger than he should snatch his hard-earned food away.

R. J. T.—Enormous tracts of Africa, especially the region between the Congo and Shari basins and much of the area inclosed by the great northern curve of the Niger, remain unexplored. There is also unappropriated territory to the extent of 1,584,398 square miles.

K. E. T. informs me that he has been "had." A friend offered to toss him for a sovereign, and a penny was used for the spin. His friend called "woman," and when "tails" was turned up declared that he had won. K. E. T., on the other hand, maintains that by "woman" the Queen's head was obviously meant.——In this matter, dear K. E. T., you are wrong. The expression "woman" is a survival from the times when our copper coins bore a king's head on one side and the figure of Britannia on the other. Although the force of contrast is now lost, the expression is often used. Pay up like a man. (Six shillings and eightpence for the F.A.F., please.)

LAURA.—The harp is a most difficult instrument to learn, and your fingers will suffer considerably at first. I should certainly advise a course of lessons. The best harps vary from £130 to £250 in price, but no doubt there are secondhand instruments to be had for considerably smaller sums.

NATHAN.—You are mistaken. There are several birds which produce what may be called "instrumental music." The male hoopoe is an example. This bird combines vocal and instrumental music in a most charming manner. An accomplished lady-killer is this gay hoopoe, and during the courting season it first draws a long breath and then taps the end of its beak against a stone or the trunk of a tree. The breath being forced down, the tubular bill produces the sound which is to fascinate the appreciative female. If the beak is not thus struck against some object the sound is quite different.

F. J. B.—If you saw it in *P.W.* it's so.

LIEUT.-COLONEL writes:

In a recent issue a correspondent, a Volunteer Lieutenant, alludes to himself as "Tommy Atkins." This, of course, is a misnomer, since it is applicable only to private soldiers of the regular army. There are many regiments, by-the-way, in which the men never allude to themselves as "Tommies," and in the officers' mess of such regiments the name is strictly tabooed.

J. D. asks: "Why do horse dealers, grooms, etc., wear their gaiters with the buttons in front?"——You have me there, J. D. I do not know. Perhaps it is to prevent the stirrup-iron catching in the buttons, or possibly to show that grooms are not gardeners or gamekeepers or anyone like that. But this is mere conjecture.

To be popular in these days a paper must be something more than a mere literary affair. It has to be a calendar and a foot-rule as a matter of necessity. If it can be connected with a soap or a pipe or a bicycle so much the better. *P.W.* acts admirably as a bait for fish or as an extemporary shade for a dark room lantern. It may also be used as a weapon. For this purpose, a correspondent explains, it should be rolled up as tightly as possible. The two combatants should then be blindfolded and made to lie down on the floor within arms' reach of each other. The game is this: One combatant calls the other by name. At this he must answer immediately, and, having answered, get his head out of the way as effectually as possible without moving his body. Meanwhile, the other, guided by his voice, hits—generally the floor. It is then the striker's turn to be struck. This game is most amusing for those who look on. But there are other ends to which *P.W.* may be employed. A reader informs me that the other day a train steamed into Shrewsbury Station without a guard's van and with a copy of *P.W.* riding triumphantly on the coupling as a "tail flag." I may say that the wrapper prefers riding on the buffers to being used to wrap groceries, but it is, of course, intended for both purposes.

DOUBTER.—If you have not been properly introduced you can scarcely acknowledge the lady as an acquaintance though you meet her every morning on your way to business.

ONWARD.—There is no reason in the world why newsagents should not compete for the £100 Coupon Prize if they care to.

S. D. F.—The best argument I can suggest in support of your theory that all men should grow beards and moustaches, is, that every year between £1,500,000 and £2,000,000 is spent on shaving in this country alone. Moreover, numbering the shaving community at 8,000,000, and supposing that on an average each man shaves three times a week, and occupies fifteen minutes altogether, we find 6,000,000 hours a week thus spent. In the course of every twelve months, therefore, 100,000 working years are wasted on shaving. But just think of the amount of time that would be saved if we did not live at all.

G. S. suggests that sketch maps would be even more acceptable than sketches in illustration of the "Final War."——This suggestion shall be borne in mind. In the meanwhile I may point out that the interest in the story may be increased threefold by occasionally consulting a good atlas while reading it. There is no subject about which well-educated people are so ignorant as geography.

AMONG the subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND acknowledged in a recent issue was a sum of seven shillings and sixpence, which came from the boys of Dymock School, in Gloucester. This money had been collected by gathering flowers and selling them on behalf of the little slum children. It is a pretty conception this of the country itself providing the means for bringing the little strangers from the city to enjoy its freshness and beauty. My best thanks are due to these boys of Dymock School, who thus provide a holiday for ten children. They have, too, this to their credit, that they have set an admirable example, which I hope will be very widely followed.

BY making three copies of the following letter and forwarding it to three friends, my readers will be doing a great deal in helping to collect the £4,000 odd which is required in order to give 100,000 children a holiday this summer:

Dear ——,

I want to interest you in the FRESH AIR FUND. Last year through its agency 94,000 town children were given a happy, well-fed day in the country. The cost of sending each child is only ninepence. Children are this year going to be sent in thousands from every town in the Kingdom with a population of over 120,000. The whole of the organisation and work in connection with the FRESH AIR FUND is purely voluntary. Every penny subscribed goes to the children. Have you a spare shilling and have you a spare ten minutes? If you have the former will you send it to the Secretary of the FRESH AIR FUND, *P.W.* Branch, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., giving your name or a *nom de plume*. The receipt of the shilling will then be acknowledged in the columns of *Pearson's Weekly*.

Now about the spare ten minutes. Will you copy this letter to three of your friends. It will not put you to much trouble, and it may mean a day's happiness to scores of little ones in whose lives happiness is all too scarce.

Yours sincerely,

I have received up to the time of going to press the following subscriptions:

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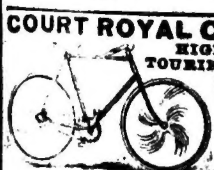

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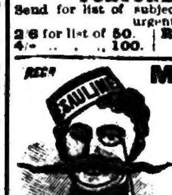

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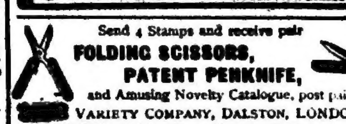

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Just explore the inside of a man as he wills;
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